

SATURDAY EVENING NIGHT

DECEMBER 23, 1961 20 CENTS

Hugh MacLennan

Robertson Davies

Ethel Wilson

Lutz Dille

William Allister

Diana Goldsborough

Kildare Dobbs

Arnold Edinborough

CHRISTMAS ISSUE



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SATURDAY NIGHT

DECEMBER 23, 1961

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DECEMBER 23, 1961

Inside Story

THE COVER: Illustration by Ronald Searle for the new edition of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, published by Michael Joseph. (See review by Arnold Edinborough).

In this issue: reading for the holiday season by leading Canadian writers:

Robertson Davies: "Let us understand one another at once: I have been asked to discuss the pleasures of love, not its epiphanies, its ecstasies, its disillusionments, its duties, its burdens or its martyrdoms. . ."

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THE PLEASURES OF LOVE

Lutz Dille: A picture story. "It happens in the heart of Mexico City every evening . . . the old man comes. Every evening the stray dogs appear from nowhere and follow. . ."

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LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE

Hugh MacLennan: "Now it was almost winter and the world was holding its breath. A film of snow was on the ground, the grass blades were stiff and iced . . . the squirrels had stored all the acorns that had fallen off the oak tree."

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ON LIVING WITH THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

Ethel Wilson: "Leave who? asked the old lady who seemed to have forgotten a good deal. Oh she said. Hark! is that the trumpets? and with her hand on Mrs. Hutton's knee she leaned forward with a new and trembling rapture. . ."

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SIMPLE TRANSLATION

William Allister: For the Twentieth Anniversary of the fall of Hong Kong: A Diary. "Silent Night? Not this one. The Gods had the knife in us for another and final ironic twist. What was Santa planning for my little stocking? A slug? A hunk of shrapnel? A Jap bayonet?"

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THE BITTEREST CHRISTMAS

Kildare Dobbs: "Such distinctions now came easily to me, and I loved to let my mind dwell on the subtle difference between a Lord Bishop who was merely the Right Reverend and an archbishop who was the Most. Lesser dignitaries . . . were not so much beneath my notice as outside my field."

25

A BENEDICTION OF BISHOPS

Diana Goldsborough: "I have yet to meet a Myfanwy. And though one rich year netted me three Sibyls, two Leslies, a Maeve and a Flavia, sometimes three years go by without adding one to the roster. Shall I ever meet a Dimity? Do Richendas exist?"

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MYFANWY WAITS FOR ME

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✱ LETTERS

Not-So-Romantic Islam

I should like to take issue with several assertions by T. W. Pogson in his recent article "Islam Sweeps into the New Africa." [SN Oct. 28] Possibly Pogson is filled with admiration for his subject. He tells us much about the romance and attractions of Islam, but little about the miseries of its adherents. And, while he appears to be familiar with Islamic matters, his knowledge seems limited in other fields.

"Only goodness can emanate from it (Islam)" he states, and he continues, "it is . . . sufficiently strong to withstand . . . Communism." Surely Pogson is aware of the prevalence of slave trading, sexual perversion, feudalism, barbaric practices, poverty and disease in many present day Arab and Islamic countries. And, is he not aware of the continuous flirtations by Egypt and Iraq with the Communist Bloc countries.

I don't think Pogson was quite as serious as he seemed when he suggested that Islam may be an effective bulwark against Communism, and that only goodness can emanate from Islam.

By virtue of recent events concerning Egypt and Syria there really is no longer such a thing as the United Arab Republic. Indeed, one may well wonder if the use of the word "United" in its title was ever truly appropriate. These events also serve to show that neither Nasser nor Cairo are as important or prominent in the so-called Arab World as implied in Pogson's article.

Reference is also made to Alfred M. Lilienthal as being an eminent Middle East authority. For the information of your readers, Lilienthal's chief claim to fame is in his being a Jewish Anti-Zionist. As such he is a virtual outcast amongst his people, but of course somewhat of a hero to Anti-Zionists.

In any event, if Islam is going to spread through Africa as rapidly as predicted by Pogson, let us hope that it will bring with it only its romantic niceties.

CHOMEDEY, P.Q.

E. KAPLANSKY

Disgusting Deal

Reviewing Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, your Kildare Dobbs [SN Nov. 25] says he does not have to tell "travelled and sophisticated readers that my own personal packet of French

photos turned out to be views of the harbor".

This makes me think I must once have made history. It involves an incident in Paris during my impecunious student days. When a photo peddler accosted me in a restaurant, I managed to talk him into renting me a pack of his pornography with an option to buy. Rental period: five minutes. Rent: 20 per cent of the "value" of the photos.

The proposition caught the peddler off base. He said no one had ever put it to him before. But he agreed.

For five minutes I sat at a table playing an odd kind of solitaire with my rented photos. The peddler sat off by a wall, sniggering furtively at first, then turning anxious as the rental period wore on. It was obvious he had lost all thought of making a sale.

His photos were not exactly views of the harbor; but neither were they really that "disgusting", except as photographic art.

However, I was only renting after all!

WILLOWDALE

A. DAVID LEVY

Take Them to Court

The idea that a national government could be held responsible for damage to human beings [Comment, SN Nov. 25] is so unpatriotic and, according to most Christian teaching, sacrilegious, that it is most surprising, not to say astounding, to read it in your journal.

The implications of such a statement, and the adoption of such a precedent, would shatter the very foundations of society and might result to your magazine being read by only

PORT ALBERNI

E. NARROWAY

Persuasive Powers

For months now we have had this O'Leary Report vs. Luce persuasive powers controversy, and since you appear to be losing the battle down here, for reasons based mainly on the native Nova Scotian belief that anything from Ontario must be bad, I thought I'd give you my opinion. Being from Ontario, it isn't much different than yours, but I entertain the guise of impartiality.

Personally, the magazine in question (and why should you give away free publicity?) always has made me furious.

I used to mutter "If only they'd employ one poor Canadian just to tell them how we say things up here."

Of course, Mr. Loose (oops I mean Luce) has hastened to inform me that they do hire Canadians by the score, but I still believe if we want to read how the Americans are going to save the world, there are enough good U.S. magazines to read without one insulting our native intelligence by trying to pawn off their opinions as our own.

I certainly hope the O'Leary Report doesn't lie gathering mould on the Prime Minister's desk under a copy of "How to Do Even Better Than Sir John A."

(MRS.) DARRELL B. SMITH

BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

Russian Shelters

There are several recent contradictory reports regarding Civil Defense in the Soviet Union. The November issue of *Canada Month* makes the following statement: "In alarming contrast (to Canada's attitude) Russia has taken civil defense very seriously, training 52,000,000 of her people, issuing some 30,000,000 gas masks and building extensive public shelters." This corroborates a report in SATURDAY NIGHT, [June 10]: "Russia: People are trained and organized. Canada: Survival is up to the individual."

On October 21, 1961, the *Montreal Star* published an article headed "Russians Blase About L.D.", by Harry Shapiro in Moscow. "There appears to be little civil defense preparation here and little public interest in such preparations."

On the CBS TV program, *Eyewitness to History*, November 3, Marvin Kalb reported from Moscow that the Russian people appear to be unaware of fallout, disinterested in Civil Defence.

A letter to the *Montreal Gazette* from Gabriel Glazer quoted a recent despatch from *The New York Times*, October 7, 1961: "There is no evidence of shelter construction in large Soviet cities. There are no signs pointing to shelters, as in New York, and there are no siren tests or other such rehearsals."

Glazer pointed out that this view is confirmed in an article by J. David Singer in the authoritative *Bulletin of*

Atomic Scientists, October 1961. And he drew attention to an editorial in the *Financial Post* October 21, 1961 which says: "The people of the U.S. are being fed cynical, heartless and dangerous bunk on the subject." giving illustrations from Associated Press despatches, *U.S. News and World Report* and *Life* magazine ("97 per cent can be saved.")

Are we being misled by the writers for the *Montreal Star*, the *Montreal Gazette*, *The New York Times*, the *Financial Post*, *CBS* and the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* or by the correspondents for *Canada Month* and *SATURDAY NIGHT*?

(MRS.) M. BIGELOW
MACDONALD COLLEGE, P.Q.

"Heretical" Views

This is to congratulate you on the publication of the two articles in your November 25 issue, "Germany Looks Eastward Once Again" by Anthony West, and "Why We Should Not Fight over Germany" by Kenneth McNaught.

Both these articles have a ring of truth about them and seem to express a commonsense opinion, also they provide a clue that helps me to understand the situation over there. I had some suspicion that some such situation existed — it helps explain things — but these articles tell us plainly just what lies behind the events that are going on.

Please accept my very sincere congratulations on your courage in printing these "heretical" articles, and I think the writers deserve similar congratulations.

JARVIS, ONT (THE REV.) K. N. BRUETON

Laugh or Cry

Your two articles on Germany and the Berlin problem are so full of half-truths, superficialities and journalistic sensationalism (and even spelling errors) that they cannot make claim on being a serious attempt at an analysis of the current crisis.

They, instead, provide a hodgepodge of cozy and comfortable solutions of the ready-made kind that find their grand culmination in a proposal for the re-settlement (!) of more than one million West Berliners.

I don't know whether to cry or laugh.

EDMONTON

L. SEITHER

Umbrella Type

I was strongly minded to write a few words protesting the dangerous Chamberlain-umbrella type thinking expounded by Kenneth McNaught in his

article until I read your Comment of the Day in the same issue headed "Strong Light on Mr. K."

So succinctly does this underline the motivations governing Mr. K's words and actions, which surely must be uppermost in mind when considering his "offers", that I suggest McNaught read, mark, etc. and post prominently before him as a reminder for the next time he feels moved to write on the subject of Mr. K.

VANCOUVER

CYRIL BASSETT

Tomorrow, You!

As a born German — and a member of the German forces in World War I — I read with much interest the two articles about Germany. Both articles are wrong in coming to a dualistic conclusion instead of a scientific one.

Scientifically man is an animal and has in his thalamus the built-in means to recognize danger. If geographical conditions are good, as they are in Germany, half continental, half maritime, then this shows up in the life of a nation.

The two writers warn dualistically that if you let Germany go ahead with its plans then we will have to fight again. That the Russians would gobble up West Europe if not blocked and tell America: "Tomorrow I get you". Of this the two writers say nothing.

Of course Hitler was wrong. I left Germany for this reason.

HEDLEY, B.C.

JOHN GROSSMANN

Solo McNaught

I have never been a regular subscriber to *SATURDAY NIGHT*. However, after reading Kenneth McNaught's article on "Why We Should Not Fight Over Germany" [SN Nov. 25], I realize how much I have been missing, perhaps, by not getting your magazine. It was a most courageous article and I hope those in power will heed the author's warnings while there is still time.

I therefore enclose \$4 for a year's subscription. I am looking forward to reading more articles like that by McNaught.

FERNWOOD, P.E.I.

ELAINE HARRISON

West and McNaught

Sometime ago my husband requested that you cancel our subscription, which we bought as the result of a misunderstanding. One dollar was paid on the account.

However, I am now enclosing a



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it in cocktails, splash
it in long drinks or
flavour soufflés or
ice cream. Alone, its
fragrance of rich
coffee charms your
senses. Linger over
a Tia Maria soon.

cheque for three dollars to cover the balance. What made me change my mind about cancelling the subscription to your magazine, was the attempt made in the November 25 issue by your two writers, Anthony West and Kenneth McNaught, to arrive at an honest and unbiased appraisal of the international situation.

As a student of history and a mother of two young children, deeply concerned over the international situation, I feel we must make every effort to desist from "warmongering", while retaining sanity and a true perspective of events . . .

MONTREAL

MRS. JEAN COTTAM

CBC and O'Leary

Your items headed "O'Leary Revisited" in the "Comment of the Day" section of the November 25 issue seems to imply that the CBC has been condemning the O'Leary Commission report both in programs and through "some of its staff members".

It is true that some speakers on the program *Critically Speaking* have referred adversely to the O'Leary Report in the course of remarks on literature and the arts, but none has been specifically employed to do so. This program is a free expression of opinion and in no case was the O'Leary Report the principal subject.

Programs planned specifically to cover the hearings of the O'Leary Commission and its report were a Wednesday Night radio documentary in January presenting a wide range of viewpoints including your own, and a *Background* of June 25 on TV in the form of a debate between two executives in the publishing business holding opposing views, followed by questions from a panel.

CBC staff members are of course entitled to have opinions and to express them in magazines and newspapers as private citizens, but such views are not necessarily those of the Corporation.

Your references to CBC staff members "who sit behind the enormous tax buttress of the CBC and under the protective umbrella of the BBG" we found rather surprising, particularly with your following comment that "perhaps nothing so fosters a love of competition amongst others as a completely protected uncompetitive position for oneself".

Public monies spent on the CBC's national broadcasting service (one cent per day per Canadian) would hardly seem to invite your use of the phrase "enormous tax buttress", especially when related to the cost of other public services in Canada. And it is not felt in the CBC that we are "under the protective umbrella of the BBG".

The CBC just as all other broadcasters in Canada must appear in public before the BBG in seeking approval of relevant projects. The BBG decides on the basis of public interest and not on the basis of whether the applicant is CBC or not.

The CBC welcomes any developments in broadcasting in the public interest, and the second stations provide an alternative program service valued by many viewers. But you will appreciate that there are now strong elements of competition in Canadian television broadcasting for audiences, and for commercial revenue in that portion of CBC programming available for sponsorship by advertisers.

TORONTO

DON MACDONALD
CBC Public Relations

The Natural Way

I have just read with interest the splendid article by Brian Cahill "Hormones For Healthier Babies" [SN Oct. 28]. It should do much to encourage mothers to go back to this natural way of feeding babies and to dispel so much negative thinking on this important subject.

By including this excellent article in your well read magazine, it will reach many mothers, thus stimulating further interest. It will be passed on to many of our mothers, who in turn will influence others.

Please print more of these splendid articles.

OTTAWA

E. M. HEWITT,
Reg. N., S.C.M.
Nurse Director

Canadian Mothercraft Society

Any Arguments?

Was Columbus Italian? Definitely not! Was he an explorer? No! He was a mere sailor who followed where others had pioneered!

The Portuguese, among their other achievements accomplished under the guidance and encouragement of Prince Henry the Navigator, had discovered and mapped the north-east corner of Brazil — before Columbus was born! The map gives explicit sailing distances and directions.

The Vikings had successfully bridged the Atlantic long before Columbus was born. The first white child was born in America (or what is now known as America) in the fall of 1010 AD. Scandinavians made voyages to Nova Scotia, for timber, as late as 1347!

I shall be glad to correspond with any of your readers who may be interested in the subject.

ALEXANDRIA, VA. ROBERT KENILWORTH

SATURDAY NIGHT

Dialling Santa Claus

FOR SOME WEEKS now by dialling UN 1-6464 in Toronto, youngsters have been able to get through to Santa Claus. This particular Santa Claus is an extension of the elaborate plans for Christmas which Eaton's always launch, including their very enjoyable Santa Claus parade.

No-one would deny the right of Eaton's to sell as much merchandise as they can drum up business for at Christmas; no one would deny that kids will get a great bang out of hearing Santa's alleged voice. But there is a difficulty which we think deserves mention.

What Santa says is this:

"Hello. So nice of you to call old Santa. Punkinhead is sitting here beside me. Say hello, Punkinhead."

"Hello. You should see the lovely surprises Santa has ready to bring you on Christmas Eve. Isn't that right, Santa?"

"That's right. But we can't spoil the surprise by telling, can we Punkinhead? We have to say goodbye now because there are so many children waiting to see Santa in Eaton's toyland. But if you are good, good as you can be, we will visit you on Christmas Eve."

This message was varied from week to week, but the fundamental promise was the same — children who are good will automatically get presents. In fact, in one message Santa even said that "our little friend's name" is "in our golden book of good girls and boys".

Now a friend of ours has a telephone number very close to UN 1-6464 and such are the dialling habits of little boys and girls when they ring Santa that her phone rang, so she tells us, almost as often as the tape machine's did at Eaton's.

After a week of utter frustration in (a) trying to get the Bell Telephone Company to change Santa's number and (b) trying to get some help from Eaton's to answer her telephone, she eventually began to enter into the spirit of the thing herself. What else could she do?

She and her daughter carolled many a merry "Ho, Ho" into the mouthpiece and one memorable day she asked the president of an American university (telephoning her husband long distance) whether *he* wanted to speak to Santa Claus.

She was chastened, however, one night when a boy rang and said "Are you for real?"

Put on the spot she had to say yes, at which point the boy said "Well, you have never come to us before and we thought maybe you didn't come up alleys. But if you are for real, I want to tell you I have looked after my sister real good when my mom's out. So will you bring me a transistor set and her a doll?"

Our friend took note of the address (one of the worst slums in downtown Toronto). Santa Claus *will* bring *him* what he asked for. She will see to it.

But we wonder about the number of other children where money is tight or where the home life is precarious, who got just a tape recorder and not a real person on the telephone. How will they react to telephoning Santa?

In their eagerness to please the children, it looks as though Eaton's may have made two doubtful assumptions—first, that some kind of Santa Claus calls on every child in the city (quite wrong, as any Salvation Army man will tell you) and the second, even worse, which is that if you are good you get presents and that if you don't, it must be because you are bad.

We had thought that the equation between poverty and crime disappeared with the 19th century. But that is in effect what this modern message on the electronic telephone says. It is not because you are poor that you will not get a present, it is because you are bad. For poor little boys who have been trying to look after their sister good this seems a little hard to take at Christmastime, especially over the telephone.

* Fellowship Notes

WE REPRINT here in full a little communication we received last week.

"The Toronto & Vicinity Branch of the World Federalists of Canada is calling a News Conference for noon Monday, December 4, at 269 Falstaff Avenue, Toronto 15 (one block south of Highway 401, just west of Keele Street).

"The purpose of this conference is to announce that one thousand dollars (\$1,000) has just been donated to our organization by an individual who had

been earmarking this money for a family fallout shelter.

Our donator [sic], who is married and has five (5) children, will be present with his family at this conference for questioning and interview.

"Light lunch and refreshments will be served."

The World Federalists of Canada was categorised on its letter-head as "a non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-profit organization of citizens working for peace through establishment of enforceable world law."

We missed the light lunch and refreshments. But at least we got the message.

* Fleming's Fluctuations

THERE IS NO doubt that Canada must stop playing games with the value of her dollar. The spectacle of Finance Minister Fleming coyly suggesting that maybe we should devalue our dollar further, or maybe it's just about at the right level or then again maybe it should be just a little higher is simply intolerable, especially after his *prima donna* showdown with Coyne in the summer. Now, as then, nobody knows what to expect.

Canada's economy is virtually stagnant. We need a great deal of new investment — foreign as well as domestic — if we are ever to generate the rate of economic growth we need. We need to develop export markets to sell what we produce if Canadians are to maintain their present standard of living.

But we are not going to attract investment and we are not going to sell our products if we cannot settle the value of our currency in some internationally acceptable way.

It is clear now that the way in which the Government is using the Exchange Stabilization Fund to manipulate the value of the dollar is producing far more confusion than benefit. Even the benefits are more apparent than real. The decision in the June budget to devalue the dollar may have helped deals then being negotiated; the ensuing indecision on how much to devalue the dollar has undoubtedly stalled many an agreement on new export sales.

There are two courses open to the Government. It may either release the

TWO NOBLE WAYS

to
finish
dinner
with a
flourish

La Grande Liqueur Française

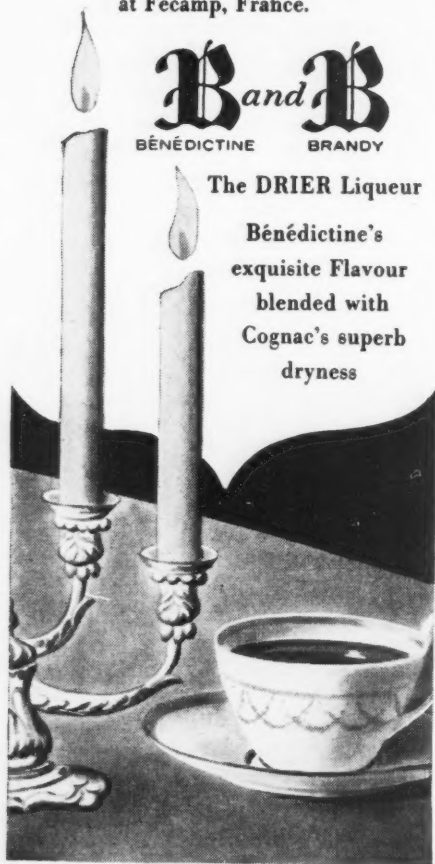
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Bénédictine's
exquisite Flavour
blended with
Cognac's superb
dryness



Canadian dollar to find its own level on world markets or it may announce a set value for the dollar. Each course presents difficulties. Each offers advantages.

The point is, however, that the difficulties are known and the advantages are known in each case. Beyond that — and far more important — the very act of choosing either course would demonstrate that we know what we want to do and why. If, that is, we (in the person of Mr. Fleming) do.

* *The Lion's Share*

RECENT FLOODS in Kenya took a heavy toll of small animal life, thus depriving the province's lion colony of its normal prey. When the hungry lions began to eye the native population, the natives became restless indeed and appealed to the British authorities for help.

Naval helicopters were despatched to drop fireworks to the tribesmen to scare off the lions.

Animal crackers, no doubt.

* *Sanity at the UN*

IT'S A PITY that Canada waited for someone else to initiate the resolution, but the Government is to be congratulated on backing Sweden's attempt to form a non-nuclear club in the UN last month.

The middle and small nations of the world have everything to gain from joining such an economic and political alliance based on peace, not war.

Such an alliance, as we have said before in these columns, is not in any sense pacifist or defensive. Nor is it idealistic in the sense that it is unrealistic.

The most vital concern which any nation can have at the moment is the protection of its people against atomic attack. For those nations who do not have nuclear deterrents, their contribution to this must be attempts to ease the general sense of strain in the world.

This, again, can be best done by seeing that oppressed minorities are given their rightful freedom, that poor and starving nations have their economies developed and their people fed and that the non-nuclear nations of the world band unanimously together in such strength and solidarity that nuclear arms themselves become obsolete.

That the big powers are still committed to power politics, that is war politics, may be seen from the reaction in the UN political committee. When Sweden's resolution calling for investigation into how a non-nuclear club could be set up was voted on, it was opposed by no fewer than 10 NATO countries headed by the United States and Britain.

Since total nuclear disarmament is a pipe dream at the moment and since even nuclear testing can't be satisfactorily banned, Sweden's resolution was a good start in the right direction. It would at least stop the spread of nuclear arms, especially to Germany whose possession of nuclear weapons should properly be regarded with fear by the rest of the world.

Our own opinion is that Canada, Sweden and many of the other uncommitted nations who voted for the resolution (which passed by 57-12 with 32 abstentions) have made one of the sanest contributions to peace in the whole of this crazy year.

* *New Russian Thaw*

SOVIET AGGRESSIVENESS, which grew ever more menacing as the year 1961 wore on, reached its terrifying climax at the time when the 22nd Party Congress sat in Moscow. Yet, only a week or so after its conclusion, there was quite a discernible change in the tone of Moscow's policy.

There are now certain indications that the heat may be off, for the time being at any rate. What other interpretation is one to give to such facts as that Moscow has lifted the time limit which it had put on the settlement of the Berlin issue; that after provoking a Baltic crisis it let off Finland unscathed; or that it allowed the publication of the text of the Kennedy-Adchubei interview of November 25.

Why?

Undoubtedly, the Soviets gained something from their period of boorishness. They have completed an important nuclear test series, which they might not have been able to conduct at a time of sweetness and sunshine.

They have thoroughly cowed the neutralists. They may have delayed, and perhaps even thwarted, the equipment of the West German forces with atomic weapons. And they have influenced to their advantage Finland's internal politics.

On the other hand, they have also saddled themselves with some disadvantages. Above all, they have provided the impetus for the Western Alliance to close ranks and to strengthen itself militarily.

In our opinion, the reason for the recent fluctuations in Soviet foreign policy lie in the relationship between Moscow and Peking.

Khrushchov may have thought, especially after he had managed to achieve a favorable compromise at the meeting of the 81 Communist parties in November, 1960, that he could keep the Communist camp unified under Moscow's command if he yielded, up to a point, to the demands for a harder

ine in dealing with the capitalist world.

After the 22nd Party Congress, and especially after the complete failure which clearly his ideological assault against Albania has been, he probably realized that his policy still did not satisfy Peking.

It would be perhaps too much to hope for, but what if Khrushchov really had decided that he had better not create unnecessary difficulties for himself outside the Communist orbit while he has serious ones on his hands inside it?

* *The Believers*

TO THOSE who were under the impression that Christmas is a time of goodwill to all we pass along this greeting from the front page of *The Outlook*, published by Responsible Enterprise:

"A Merry Christmas, a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all who believe in private enterprise."

That should settle the argument about keeping Christ in Christmas.

* *Intellectual as Diplomat*

CIVIL SERVICES need men with brains. They also need "safe" men. Unfortunately the two qualities don't always occur together.

There's no question about the intellectual distinction of Conor Cruise O'Brien who on December 2 resigned both from the United Nations Secretariat and from the Irish Department of External Affairs. But orthodox career diplomats are probably telling each other that a less fastidious, more dishonest intellect would have had greater success in Katanga province.

Meanwhile O'Brien blamed British and French mining interests for the war-torn province's troubles. Katanga's President Tshombe blamed *him*. "I rejoice that he has quit," said Tshombe, charging that O'Brien was a criminal who should be made to answer for the many deaths on his conscience.

Free of the shackles of diplomacy, O'Brien is planning to write a "case history" of his six-month tour of duty in the Congo. A Catholic, he also announces that he is divorcing his wife in order to marry Maire MacEntee (daughter of Sean MacEntee, Ireland's Deputy Prime Minister). None of this sounds particularly "safe".

Give him his due. O'Brien has kept his intellectual achievements as close a secret as he could. His literary criticism appeared over the pen-name of Donat O'Donnell and few of his readers suspected he was living a double life.

Back in 1952 he published a study of eight Catholic novelists entitled *Maria Cross*. Though its thesis was far-fetched, it was plainly the work of a



precious presents

Sparkling gems and glowing gold skilfully wrought into pure enchantment, to make your fair lady fairer still. Jewels in the Birks'

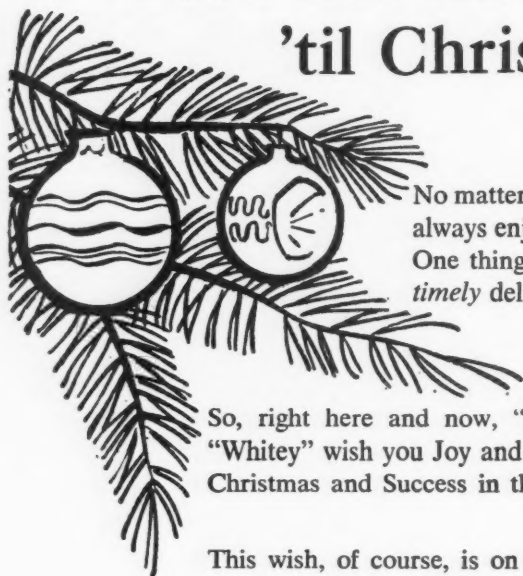
blue box occupy a special place in feminine sentiments . . . bear witness to the impeccable taste of their donor.

- | | |
|---|---|
| a Diamond Brooch,
18kt. white gold and
platinum, 750.00 | d Star Sapphire and
Diamond Ring, 18kt.
white gold and
palladium, 300.00 |
| b Diamond Pendant,
platinum, 850.00 | e Diamond Earrings,
14-18kt.
white gold, 625.00 |
| c Cultured Pearl and
Diamond Ring, 18kt.
white gold, 175.00 | f Diamond Brooch,
18kt.
white gold, 350.00 |

BIRKS
JEWELLERS



"Let's not leave it 'til Christmas Eve"



No matter how old, the young at heart always enjoy preparing for Christmas. One thing is most important . . . the timely delivery of greetings.

So, right here and now, "Blackie" and "Whitey" wish you Joy and Happiness at Christmas and Success in the New Year.

This wish, of course, is on behalf of the Distillers of Black & White Scotch Whisky . . . the *superb* Scotch with the smooth, mellow, *companionable* flavor so appreciated by friends and guests. In fact, to serve 'Black & White' in the Festive Season is a happy tradition the world over.

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to Her Majesty The Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

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man who wasn't above understanding human feelings.

"The sense of history," he wrote "reaches the writer not intellectually through the acceptance of a program—as with a Stalin prizeman—but from below, through all the deepest feeling which animate his work."

Orthodox diplomats notwithstanding it's a pity that a mind like O'Brien's is lost to diplomacy.

* Poor Man's Pennies

IT IS NOT true, of course, that Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario decided to resign because of the imposition of a sales tax; what is true is that his recently-elected successor will have to live with this levy.

An opposition, fully understanding the unpopularity of the tax, could make effective use of it. Suggestion that the tax can be abandoned is unrealistic; what can be done is elimination of the constant, daily irritants which annoy the taxpayers. Any irritation, if prolonged, can lead to a greater malaise; this is as true in politics as it is in physiology.

For example toilet paper and diapers — surely not luxury items — are subject to tax. One bottle of "pop" is not taxed but there is a tax on two. On a 45-cent package of cigarettes the tax is one cent; on two packages it is not two, but three cents. And so on down the dismal recitation.

An opposition which would advocate a workable level—say five dollars below which tax would not be imposed would possess a potent political weapon. For it is not in the tax on expensive items that the danger lies; it is the continuing extraction of the poor man's pennies.

Perturbed Partridge

THE TWELFTH day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve Russian rubles,
Eleven crocks of liquor,
Ten sleeping-pills,
Nine new whodunits,
Eight lobsters Newburg,
Seven good cigars,
Six squabs a-frozen,
Five decks of cards;
Four stirrup-pumps,
Three flashlights,
Two first-aid kits
And a shelter completely tax-free.

V.C.

SATURDAY NIGHT

"MY BANK"

TO ② MILLION CANADIANS



Who is our 3 millionth customer?

A housewife in Hamilton . . . a youngster in Yarmouth . . . a farmer in Fruitvale?

Frankly, we'd just be guessing. This year our total customers soared above the three-million mark. But which new customer in our network of 875 branches was the one between 2,999,999 and 3,000,001, we have no way of knowing.

But we do know our 3-millionth customer will probably use the B of M in many ways . . . to save for the things he wants, to finance his automobile at low cost, to pay his household bills and to keep his valuables safe.

If he is a businessman, he might use Canada's first bank to finance his day-to-day operations, to

pay his employees, to collect and remit money the world over . . . if he is a farmer, "MY BANK" might be called upon to finance new trucks, modern barns and labour-saving electrical equipment.

He's very important to us, that 3-millionth customer. Never before in our long history have we been privileged to serve so many. We number with a good deal of pride those three million expressions of trust from people who call the Bank of Montreal "MY BANK".

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FLY *Canadian Pacific*



The Pleasures Of Love

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

LET US UNDERSTAND one another at once: I have been asked to discuss the pleasures of love, not its epiphanies, its ecstasies, its disillusionments, its duties, its burdens or its martyrdoms—and therefore the sexual aspect of it will get scant attention here. So if you have begun this piece in hope of fanning the flames of your lubricity, be warned in time.

Nor is it my intention to be psychological. I am heartily sick of most of the psychologizing about love that has been going on for the past six hundred years. Everybody wants to say something clever, or profound, about it, and almost everybody has done so. Only look under "Love" in any book of quotations to see how various the opinions are.

Alas, most of this comment is wide of the mark; love, like music and painting, resists analysis in words. It may be described, and some poets and novelists have described it movingly and well; but it does not yield to the theorist. Love is the personal experience of lovers. It must be felt directly.

My own opinion is that it is felt most completely in marriage, or some comparable attachment of long duration. Love takes time. What are called "love affairs" may afford a wide, and in retrospect, illuminating variety of emotions; not only fierce satisfactions and swooning delights, but the horrors of jealousy and the desperation of parting attend them; the hangover from one of these emotional toots may be long and dreadful.

But rarely have the pleasures of love an opportunity to manifest themselves in such riots of passion. Love affairs are for emotional sprinters; the pleasures of love are for the emotional marathoners.

Clearly, then, the pleasures of love are not for the very young. Romeo and Juliet are the accepted pattern of youthful passion. Our hearts go out to their furious abandonment; we are moved to pity by their early death. We do not, unless we are of a saturnine disposition, give a thought to what

might have happened if they had been spared for fifty or sixty years together.

Would Juliet have become a worldly nonentity, like her mother? Or would she, egged on by that intolerable old bawd, her nurse, have planted a thicket of horns on the brow of her Romeo?

And he — well, so much would have depended on whether Mercutio had lived; quarrelsome, dashing and detrimental, Mercutio was a man destined to outlive his wit and spend his old age as the Club Bore. No, no; all that Verona crowd were much better off to die young and beautiful.

Passion, so splendid in the young, wants watching as the years wear on. Othello had it, and in middle life he married a young and beautiful girl. What happened? He believed the first scoundrel who hinted that she was unfaithful, and never once took the elementary step of asking her a direct question about the matter.

Passion is a noble thing; I have no use for a man or woman who lacks it; but if we seek the pleasures of love, passion should be occasional, and common sense continual.

Let us get away from Shakespeare. He is the wrong guide in the exploration we have begun. If we talk of the pleasures of love, the best marriage he affords is that of Macbeth and his Lady. Theirs is not the prettiest, nor the highest-hearted, nor the wittiest match in Shakespeare, but unquestionably they knew the pleasures of love.

"My dearest partner of greatness," writes the Thane of Cawdor to his spouse. That is the clue to their relationship. That explains why Macbeth's noblest and most desolate speech follows the news that his Queen is dead.

But who wants to live a modern equivalent of the life of the Macbeths — continuous scheming to reach the Executive Suite enlivened, one presumes, by an occasional Burns Nicht dinner-party, with the ghosts of discredited vice-presidents as uninvited guests.

The pleasures of love are certainly not for the very young, who find a

bittersweet pleasure in trying to reconcile two flowering egotisms, nor yet for those who find satisfaction in "affairs". Not that I say a word against young love, or the questings of uncommitted middle-age; but these notions of love correspond to brandy, and we are concerned with something much more like wine.

The pleasures of love are for those who are hopelessly addicted to another living creature. The reasons for such addiction are so many that I suspect they are never the same in any two cases.

It includes passion but does not survive by passion; it has its whiffs of the agreeable vertigo of young love, but it is stable more often than dizzy; it is a growing, changing thing, and it is tactful enough to give the addicted parties occasional rests from strong and exhausting feeling of any kind.

"Perfect love sometimes does not come until the first grandchild," says a Welsh proverb. Better far if perfect love does not come at all, but hovers just out of reach. Happy are those who never experience the all-dressed-up-and-no-place-to-go sensation of perfection in love.

What do we seek in love? From my own observation among a group of friends and acquaintances that includes a high proportion of happy marriages, most people are seeking a completion of themselves. Each party to the match has several qualities the other cherishes; the marriage as a whole is decidedly more than the sum of its parts.

Nor are these cherished qualities simply the obvious ones; the reclusive man who marries the gregarious woman, the timid woman who marries the courageous man, the idealist who marries the realist — we can all see these unions: the marriages in which tenderness meets loyalty, where generosity sweetens moroseness, where a sense of beauty eases some aridity of the spirit, are not so easy for outsiders to recognize; the parties themselves may not be fully aware of such elements in a good match.

Often, in choosing a mate, people are unconsciously wise and apprehend what they need to make them greater than they are.

Of course the original disposition of the partners to the marriage points the direction it will take. When Robert Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, the odds were strongly on the side of optimism, in spite of superficial difficulties; when Macbeth and his Lady stepped to the altar, surely some second-sighted Highlander must have shuddered.

If the parties to a marriage have chosen one another unconsciously, knowing only that they will be happier

united than apart, they had better set to work as soon as possible to discover why they have married, and to nourish the feeling which has drawn them together.

I am constantly astonished by the people, otherwise intelligent, who think that anything so complex and delicate as a marriage can be left to take care of itself. One sees them fussing about all sorts of lesser concerns, apparently unaware that side by side with them — often in the same bed — a human creature is perishing from lack of affection, of emotional malnutrition.



Romeo's Juliet: A worldly nonentity?

Such people are living in sin far more truly than the loving, but unwedded, couples whose unions they sometimes scorn. What pleasures are there in these neglected marriages? What pleasure can there be in ramshackle, jerry-built, uncultivated love?

A great part of all the pleasure of love begins, continues and sometimes ends with conversation. A real, enduring love-affair, in marriage and out of it, is an extremely exclusive club of which the entire membership is two co-equal Perpetual Presidents.

In French drama there used to be a character, usually a man, who was the intimate friend of husband and wife, capable of resolving quarrels and keeping the union in repair. I do not believe in such a creature anywhere except behind the footlights. Lovers who need a third party to discuss matters with are in a bad way.

Of course there are marriages that are kept in some sort of rickety shape by a psychiatrist — occasionally by two psychiatrists. But I question if pleasure of the sort I am writing about

can exist in such circumstances. The club has become too big.

I do not insist on a union of chatter-boxes, but as you can see I do not believe that still waters run deep; too often I have found that still waters are foul and have mud bottoms. People who love each other should talk to each other; they should confide their real thoughts, their honest emotions, their deepest wishes. How else are they to keep their union in repair?

How else, indeed, are they to discover that they are growing older and enjoying it, which is a very great discovery indeed? How else are they to discover that their union is stronger and richer, not simply because they have shared experience (couples who are professionally at odds, like a Prime Minister and a Leader of the Opposition also share experience, but they are not lovers) but because they are waxing in spirit?

During the last war a cruel epigram was current that Ottawa was full of brilliant men, and the women they had married when they were very young. If the brilliant men had talked more to those women, and the women had replied, the joint impression they made in middle age might not have been so dismal. It is often asserted that sexual compatibility is the foundation of a good marriage, but this pleasure is doomed to wane, whereas a daily affectionate awareness, and a ready tongue last as long as life itself.

It always surprises me, when Prayer Book revision is discussed, that something is not put into the marriage service along these lines — "for the mutual society, help, comfort and unrestricted conversation that one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity".

Am I then advocating marriages founded on talk? I can hear the puritans, who mistrust conversation as they mistrust all subtle pleasures, tutting their disapproving tuts.

Do I assert that the pleasures of love are no more than the pleasures of conversation? Not at all: I am saying that where the talk is good and copious, love is less likely to wither, or to get out of repair, or to be outgrown, than among the uncommunicative.

For, after all, even lovers live alone much more than we are ready to admit. To keep in constant, sensitive rapport with those we love most, we must open our hearts and our minds. Do this and the rarest, most delicate pleasures of love will reveal themselves.

Finally, it promotes longevity. No body quits a club where the conversation is fascinating, revealing, amusing various and unexpected until the last possible minute. Love may be snubbed to death; talked to death, never!

PICTURE STORY
BY

Lutz Dillis.



*It happens
every evening in
the heart
of Mexico City.
Every evening...*



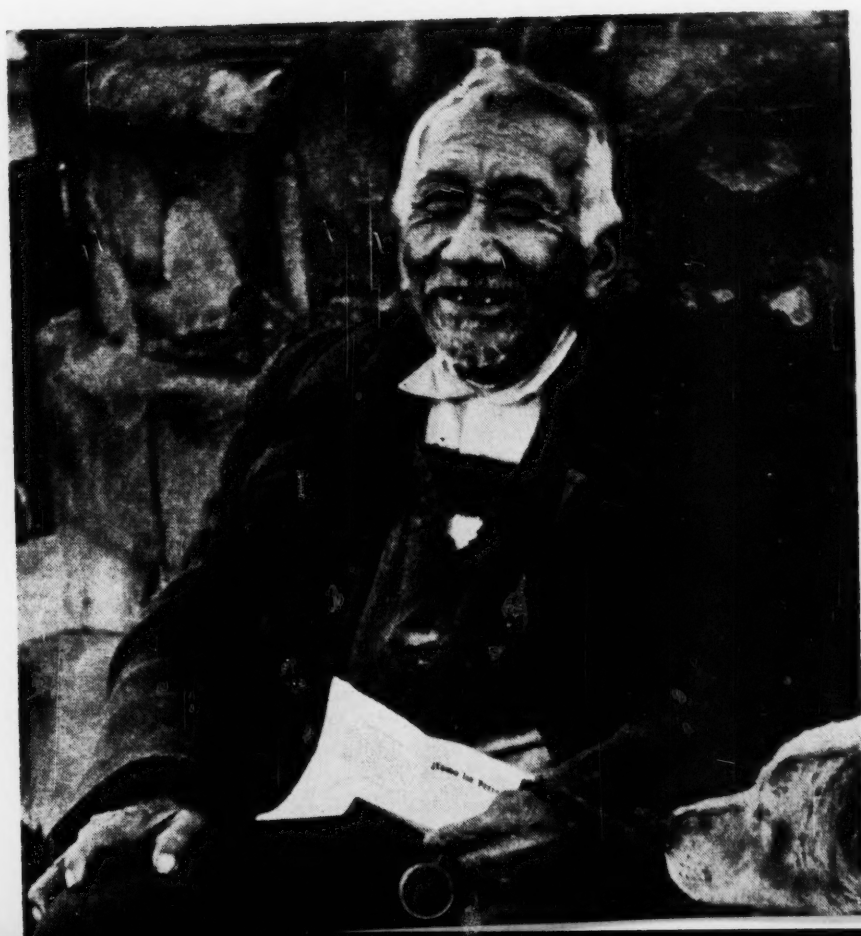
the old man comes. Every evening he

When he is old and tired a man needs friends. The wise man knows how to win them. He gives and is content...





...the stray dogs appear from nowhere and follow the old man...





... to let sleeping dogs lie.

On Living With the Winter In the Country

BY HUGH MacLENNAN

DURING THE PAST twenty-five years most Canadians who do not ski have turned against the winter. They say they detest it, and I have often said the same myself. Even in the country the true winter went out with the horse and the snowshoe, but for those of us who live in cities something quite horrible has taken its place.

Dust-free air which could feel like iced wine has become a cold smog which lacerates the membranes of the nose and throat. Snow is not snow any more. In modern Montreal it is a filthy sludge of slush impregnated with cinders and chemicals which stain your trouser cuffs and rot the chrome on your car. Like most of us, I had almost forgotten that winter is our truest season in this land.

But one Sunday late in November my wife and I went down to the country and the sense of the winter came back again. It was only a month since we had left the country for the town, and in the marvellous Fall we had that year in Quebec (something had to be good in the Fall of 1961) leaves were still on the trees on our last day in the country.

Now it was almost winter and the world was holding its breath. A film of snow was on the ground, the grass blades were stiff and iced, the lumps of manure on the garden were darkly glazed and the squirrels had stored all the acorns that had fallen off the oak tree.

I had gone down to the country depressed from thinking about H-bombs, for I had been on a panel in which we discussed the problem of being human in an atomic age. Thinking along the lines of the neo-barbarous calculations of our time I had been wondering what would happen in the way of floods if a firestorm melted a three-foot fall of snow on an area of five thousand square miles.

But on this day in the country I forgot the H-bomb because suddenly I remembered that once upon a time I had been young enough to know what life in

the winter can be like.

These days that are overtures to winter in Canada are young days. The country looks new, its structure visible as it never is in summer. The lake seemed more like a well than a lake. Its center was like a polished opal, drawing into its depths a pale sky, while along the shoreline against the rime on the rocks the water had the opaque gloss of ink.

Around four-thirty the light failed in the valleys and Mount Orford looked twice as large as usual and there was a violet crown around it. I am a sensualist; like most people I was born one, and when I looked at this scene and felt the cold air in my nostrils I thought what fools the so-called sensualists are. All they can think of is sex.

I said to my wife: "I've just realized something. I've lost my sense of the winter. Since I can't ski any more on account of my back, I never get out into the winter any more. I used to know the winter pretty well."

"So did I," she said.

"I used to sleep out in it. I never told you that, did I?"

Her face expressed surprise and she asked if we had a sleeping porch attached to our house.

"No, I slept in a tent. As a matter of fact, between the ages of eleven and twenty-one, the only time I ever slept inside four walls was a week when I was sick."

"You mean, you slept in a tent *in the winter*?"

"It didn't seem a peculiar thing to do at the time. What does seem peculiar is that I'd forgotten all about it. I really had."

"What ever gave you the idea?"

It happened like this. In the summer of my twelfth year I went to a boys' camp in Nova Scotia where we slept on the bare ground under canvas. The mid-August day when the camp broke up and we came home happened to be very hot — the sticky heat you sometimes get near the sea — and the soft

bed in my parents' house so smothered me that I could not sleep.

The next day the temperature was nearly ninety and my father suggested that I sleep outside. He remembered a little tent in the basement he had used years ago when he went fishing, and suggested I get it out and pitch it in the back yard.

In those days in Halifax the life was not much different from life in a village even though we had the harbor, the university, the hospitals, the Government House, the curfew gun on the Citadel and the memory of the explosion which had smashed a third of the town a few years before. Behind every house was some sort of back yard — the word "yard" had probably reached us from New England Loyalists — and most of these had a kitchen garden, a few fruit trees and a one-horse stable which might or might not have been converted into a one-car garage.

In the early 1920s there was still a faint smell of stable behind the houses and a reasonably strong smell of it in the streets. Each yard was separated from its neighbors by a rough board fence on the top of which prowling tomcats sat in the nights and howled at the female cats they knew were inside the houses.

It was in a yard like this that I pitched my tent, installed a battered old hospital cot and a packing case to hold a saucer with a candle in it. The first night outside I slept dreamlessly and the next day I told my parents I intended to stay out until school began.

When school did begin on the first of September it was still hot weather, so I told them I would stay out until it got cool. In the first week of October the mornings were cool enough, but there was dew on the ripe apples and pears and waking up in such air was a sensual experience as delicious as any I can remember. I told my parents I intended staying out until it got really cold.

Three weeks later it began. I woke in stillness absolute, with every sense-per-

ception alive. My nose was wet and cold, but the pillow side of my face was unnaturally warm. The tent was dark and heavy, its sides sagged in close to my cot, the ridge pole was bent and when I got up I saw a foot of snow on the ground.

It was a new world that morning with the sun blazing over the back fence and tracks in the snow — one set of tracks coming to the tent and another going away from it. I realized that a tomcat had entered in the night, had slept for a while on the foot of my bed, and had gone away again. After breakfast that day I rode to school on the rear runner of a fishmonger's sleigh wearing a pair of cowhide larrigans greasy with linseed oil.

"It's time you stopped this nonsense," my father said that night at dinner. "Now you've had your snow, so come inside. Another snowfall and that tent will break. I bought it before the war and the canvas must be getting rotten."

I begged him to let me stay out until it became impossibly cold, and he shrugged his shoulders and said he supposed I could do what I liked. After all, he was a Scotch Calvinist and it had not occurred to him that living out in the winter can be a sensual experience. He merely believed it was uncomfortable and assumed, without really thinking about it, that discomfort was somehow connected with virtue.

It never did get impossibly cold, though it got so cold that today, in my middle age, I wonder what has happened to my cells and metabolism since the time when I slept pleasantly in a below-zero atmosphere. The Canadian climate in the early 1920s had a three to four degree lower mean average than it has now, and a temperature of twelve below in the moist sea air of Nova Scotia feels colder than a temperature of thirty below on a windless day in Manitoba.

One night in my first January the fibres of the fruit trees cracked in the frost like rifle shots, and when I came into the house the next morning and saw on the thermometer outside the kitchen window that it was sixteen below zero I felt more pleased (why, I wonder?) than I did the first time I saw the title of a novel of mine on the best-seller list of *The New York Times*.

I never used a sleeping bag. Army blankets, army socks, two pairs of flannel pajamas, a red beret and a hot water bottle which always became cold before dawn was all the equipment I needed. The only part of me that ever got cold — except on the night the old tent broke and dumped a load of snow on top of me — was my nose. And a cold nose when the rest of you is warm is a better sedative than a quarter-grain seconal.

Stars were visible through the open end of the tent and so was moonlight washing the snow. Sometimes in a thaw I fell asleep to the regular drip of icicles, and on misty nights I heard the harbor bells and the groan of the fog-warning booming in from Chebucto Head.

On the very cold nights phenomena belonging to the science of physics (or is it chemistry?) became high poetry. My breath made snow, real snow. Issuing warm from the lungs, it mounted to the ridgepole and turned into a cloud in the still, frigid air. When it congealed, it was converted into a delicate snow-mist which descended and settled lightly on the top blanket, and that was the subtlest sensation of all.

The first time it happened I woke with an orange sun staring through the tent door and found myself warm under a quarter-inch covering of the softest, lightest snow I ever saw, each crystal distinct, and as the sunlight washed over it, for a few moments it was like lying under a rainbow.

It was a queer way to live, I suppose, and that may have been why I told none of my friends about it. The neighbors knew. They couldn't help knowing, for I installed a small fire-gong inside the tent with a cord running about twenty yards along pulleys to the house, where it entered the kitchen through a hole bored in the window frame.

Our Newfoundland maid used to jerk the cord to wake me up when she came downstairs in the morning to set the fires and everyone in the neighborhood heard it. These days that fire-gong would have finished me — people would have protested about it to the police — but thirty-five years ago nearly everyone got up at the same time, which was between seven and seven-thirty, and at least one neighbor told my mother that the gong saved him the trouble of setting an alarm clock.

The years passed, and I can't remember one from the other. I was sleeping in the tent through most of my education, and I stayed in it until the day before I sailed from Halifax to take up a Rhodes Scholarship in Oxford.

This year a city-bred critic, reviewing my last book of essays in a London journal, complained he could find next to nothing in them because they were the product of a personality so alien to his own that he could not comprehend it. To some degree the tent must have been responsible for this. I realize that it gave me such an acute awareness of climate that in most of my novels the weather is apt to develop into a character as important as the people.

"He writes the kind of fiction one must expect at this stage of the country's development," another critic said, and made me understand with something of

a shock that I am probably a period piece. But another city-bred man, not a critic, told me long ago that it was tenting in the winter which had doomed me to the writer's profession.

I met him on board ship on that first voyage to England; he was middle-aged, American and he told me he was a novelist. I had never heard of his name before, and I have never heard of it since, and judging from his condition on that voyage, liquor may have been his problem. For some reason he wanted to talk to me, and in the course of one of our conversations I mentioned casually that this was the first time in seven years that I had slept between four walls.

"What's that?" he said, and I told him about the tent and he said "Ah!" Then he asked me if I knew what an Oedipus Complex was. I told him I did not.

"You've got one," he said. "I'd say you've got an enormous one. Furthermore, I'd say it's deeply and very dangerously repressed."

"I've read *Oedipus Tyrannus* in the original Greek," I boasted. "I've also read *Oedipus Coloneus*."

"Good Lord! Do you still think Oedipus is a play? Now listen carefully to this. You didn't go out into that tent just for fun, you know. Crawling out of the house where your parents slept — do you like your parents?"

"Of course."

"Both of them? Is 'like' really the *mot juste* in your case? Crawling out of the house into that tent — all children like to crawl away into things. They like getting under tables and into drawers, but *you* crawled into a tent in the winter! Moreover, you kept it up until you were twenty-one. The whole thing is perfectly obvious to me, if it isn't to you."

"It seemed to me perfectly natural."

"It certainly was. It was natural enough to be the first chapter in a case history. Do you want to become a writer?"

"Of course not," I lied.

He shook his head mournfully. "You'll be one, all right. When I was a kid I used to crawl out into the barn to get away from them, but that was in summer time. An Oedipus the size of yours — Voltaire said if he had a child who wanted to write, he'd strangle him out of sheer goodness of heart."

"But in your case it's too late. The moment your guilts break out — and that moment is coming soon — you'll never be able to sleep in a tent in wintertime again. You'll thrash around in your sleep. You'll writhe. Worse still, when you remember your winter days in that little tent of yours, you'll probably kid yourself that they were days of innocence."

Simple Translation

BY ETHEL WILSON

THE LITTLE OLD lady must have been a pretty little girl with a ready smile. She had worked hard all her life and she had brought up a family of seven and now she was nursing a married granddaughter. All her life she had moved with quick small steps in the service of other people.

She had found that life is sad but very funny. Indeed more so as she had grown older for she loved a bit of fun and she no longer felt as responsible as she used to. So as she sat in the street car nursing her bulky parcels she listened with interest and amusement too, because nothing shocked her, to the two girls behind her.

"I said Say if you think I'm going to stay and take dirt from anybody you can just have another think coming. I told her I said. I said I don't have to work here one minute I don't want to."

"Ah'll say."

"And if she thinks I'm going to stay one minute and clear away his mess. Let him clear away his own mess. I won't take dirt from her nor from him neether. I'll quit I told her."

"Ah'll say."

Well Well, thought the little old lady, Dear Dear, what goddle-mighties. Good Heavens, I'd hate to live with *them* and what's more I wouldn't do it. When the conductor shouted something she knew that her street was next. So she rang the bell for the street car to stop, and smiled over her parcels (which obstructed her view a little) at the conductor who felt that he was a nice fellow, and she was still smiling when the angel picked her up from under the truck away from all the people who had gathered round to look at the accident, and enfolded her very comfortably and took her up to Heaven.

Well I *do* call this kind said the little old lady, I must say.

You can have these or these or this little white curly pair said the angel. Take your pick.

Oh I'll take the pink feather ones if

it's all the same to you said the old lady modestly. Pink always suited me. I never could abide black.

No some people can't, said the angel.

Are they for flying or for looks? she asked.

You can use them for whatever you like. This is Heaven, said the angel.

He took her over to a soft couch and gave her a nice cup of tea.

Oh this *is* kind! said the little old lady feeling quite at home. I call this a very nice reception. Really *and* truly Sir, or should I say Colonel. She had worked in a Colonel's family when she was a girl, and felt that there was something about the angel. . .

My name is Ithuriel or you can call me Sir if you like, said the angel which made her feel quite at home. Do you want to rest or would you like to see the Parade?

Oh I'm not a bit tired and I'd dearly love to see the Parade if I could get a good seat. I'm a bit old for standing, she said looking up from her smallness with fearless candid blue eyes at the tall angel. Will *He* be in the Parade? she asked, hesitating and not wishing to make some mistake.

Yes, He will be in the Parade, said the angel. Well I never, said the old lady, if only I had one of me friends. . .

And there she was. The crony of her youth and middle age, Mrs. Hutton, with a neat pair of navy blue wings! Both of them in front seats with their wings folded comfortably behind them. Why Mrs. Hutton, laughed the little old lady with delight, to think of *you* being here!

Oh that *do* sound rude!

And they were both off, laughing delightedly together as they used to when they were neighbors on the prairies after she had come to Canada, all through those hard times when their children were little, and they worked day in day out, and the very nicest and most economical thing had been to talk

and laugh together about things just as they were doing now, waiting for the Parade.

There was such a pair of girls in the street car, said the old lady, they must have got out, I hope indeed, and she looked behind, round the soft curve of her rosy curling wing, and did not see them. The slight muddle in her head cleared when the angel who happened to be near said, They will have a different Heaven and they have a longer journey to go. (A long journey to go, a long journey to go, what a long journey).

Yes, she said in answer to many faint and distant voices, it's been quite a long journey. Mrs. Hutton hasn't it, and to think of you and me sitting here! And a well of joy and laughter bubbled up in her at the thought of her and Mrs. Hutton in the front seats for this great and holy Parade. The blessing of the pure in heart was on her as she looked around at the fair land of Heaven. Well I never.

Discordant noises and a black glare invaded a far-off sky.

Oooh, she said, not rain for the Parade, surely!

No, said the angel with a formidable smile that smote and silenced the horizon, never rain for a Parade. That noise is from another department

Oh alleluia Mrs. Hutton, she said, beside herself with joy, no rain!

The meek (sang some voices) shall inherit.

Yes indeed, she replied without comprehension, so they will, to be sure.

And how did you leave them all? asked Mrs. Hutton.

Leave who? asked the old lady who seemed to have forgotten a good deal. Oh she said. Hark! is that the trumpets? and with her hand on Mrs. Hutton's knee she leaned forward with a new and trembling rapture and looked down the long avenue at a Radiance which was approaching.

The Bitterest Christmas

From the diary of
WILLIAM ALLISTER

Victoria Barracks, December 23

LAST FEW DAYS before Christmas. Depression hung like a pall. The false hopes that kept us going to this point seemed to fizzle in the face of this stark reality. It was no good kidding yourself. Look around.

Look at those faces. Grey. Actually grey—as though death were close enough to cast a shadow across them. Did I look like that? I tried to fight it. I left my own bunch, they seemed too far gone—wouldn't speak or meet your eye—couldn't cope with death. They were too young, some under twenty, too full of life beginning.

I move in with the linesmen. Moved? What I mean is, I picked up my rifle, sum total of my worldly goods and carried it into the next room. They, at least, still fought to maintain a sham note of optimism. Tried everything I could think of to shake that horrible morbidity in the air. We gathered around a piano to sing—sing anything—bawdy soldiers' songs, swing tunes, Andrew sisters.

I composed a parody on Crosby's *Do I Worry* that went:

*Do I worry
Cause the Japs are at the door?
Do I worry
Cause I don't know the score?
And when evening shadows creep
Do I lose any sleep
over them?
Do I worry?
Well you're gawdamn right
I do.*

And we sure did lose sleep. Lying in the darkness with one hand on our rifle—leaping up for a "stand-to" two or three times a night. It seemed no longer a question of *whether* we'd survive—it was *how long*. And how would we die? Big W——, the easy going eighteen-year old giant, confided his terror to me.

"Look at my hands. They shake like that all day. I'm scared all the time. I just can't stop trembling. When I lie down at night, I can feel my body shaking all over. I have all kinds of nightmares and when I open my eyes in the morning, my whole body is still shaking. I can't stop it. Guess I'm just a yellowbelly. Wish I was like B——, there.

Told him he was showing more courage by doing the same things as B——, despite his fears. And then he'd ask the inevitable question:

"D'yuh think we'll get out alive, Ally?"

"Could be." And I'd drag out the tired platitudes about Chiang Kai-shek getting here, or reinforcements from Singapore. He knew I didn't believe it but it made nice listening. Sounded as though you were fighting a war with our forces on one side, enemy forces on the other and intelligent military leaders planning strategic moves over maps and instruments.

No. Here was a situation whose

answers couldn't be found in the back of the book. The enemy were not there or there—they were everywhere. Reinforcements were not moving up to relieve soft spots, they didn't exist. Our air force wasn't fighting difficult odds, there was no air force. Our lines of retreat were not being kept open, there was no line of retreat. We couldn't weigh our chances, we had none.

I asked Captain B—— to give the boys a pep talk—they looked terrible—walking around like Zombies. Teenagers with faces of old men. My own morale was sinking to new depths under their influence. He gathered us together and gave it to us, with no frills.

He'd just come down from China Command where they had refused surrender offers three times. The Japs were closing in around us and we could expect their final attack hourly. They were to be delayed as long as possible. We were to fight on to the last man. And the radio was still picking up Churchill's phony praise of our gallant stand.

"It will go down in history—" Bollox. Who the hell wanted to go down in history? All I wanted was a fighting chance to remain an unsung contemporary. The "peptalk" sure laid an egg. Not knowing the facts allowed for some tiny ray of hope.

But now—well, there it was. Very clear, very concise. He didn't enjoy telling us. His own morale was shot. He saw these grey faces around him reaching out to him for guidance, courage, optimism. But no. Nothing. He had nothing to give.

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On Christmas Day, 1941, Hong Kong fell to the attacking Japanese.

Fighting alongside the British defenders was a Canadian force under Brigadier J. K. Lawson. The soldiers of "C" Force, Winnipeg Grenadiers and Royal Rifles of Quebec, were the first Canadians in action in World War II. Many, including the Brigadier, were killed, the remnant taken prisoner.

Among the survivors was the author of "A Handful of Rice" (novel, reviewed in SN Dec. 9) who in February, 1942, transcribed this diary in his Hong Kong prison.

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During the night the alarm went. I woke to the sounds of screams and curses, my heart pounding violently.

"Stand-to!" The shouts rang in and out of my fogged brain. Dim figures dashed by in the darkness, bellowing orders. Machine guns were chattering. I ran down a corridor and sprawled beside a group of Tommies.

"Where are they?"

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Slowly the firing abated. Orders came to post double lookouts and turn in. I tried to sleep but every sound, every shout, every burst of bullets found me sitting up, tense and alert.

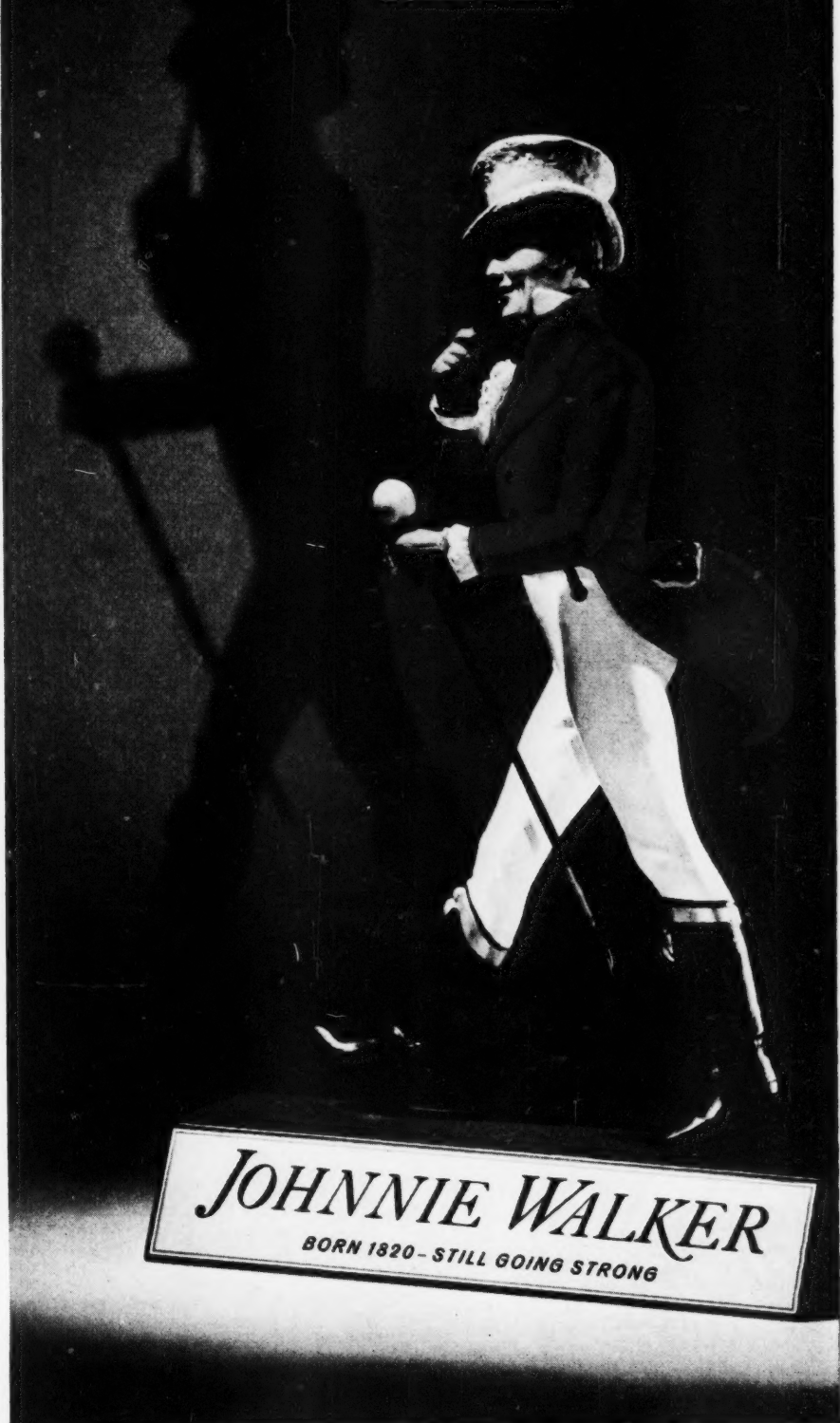
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We were lined up to hold back the last drive. The last stock of rum was produced and passed around. "Hadn't we better hang on to some for later on?" I asked Captain B——. His eyes were bloodshot. "Finish it," he said. "There'll be no later on."

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No XII

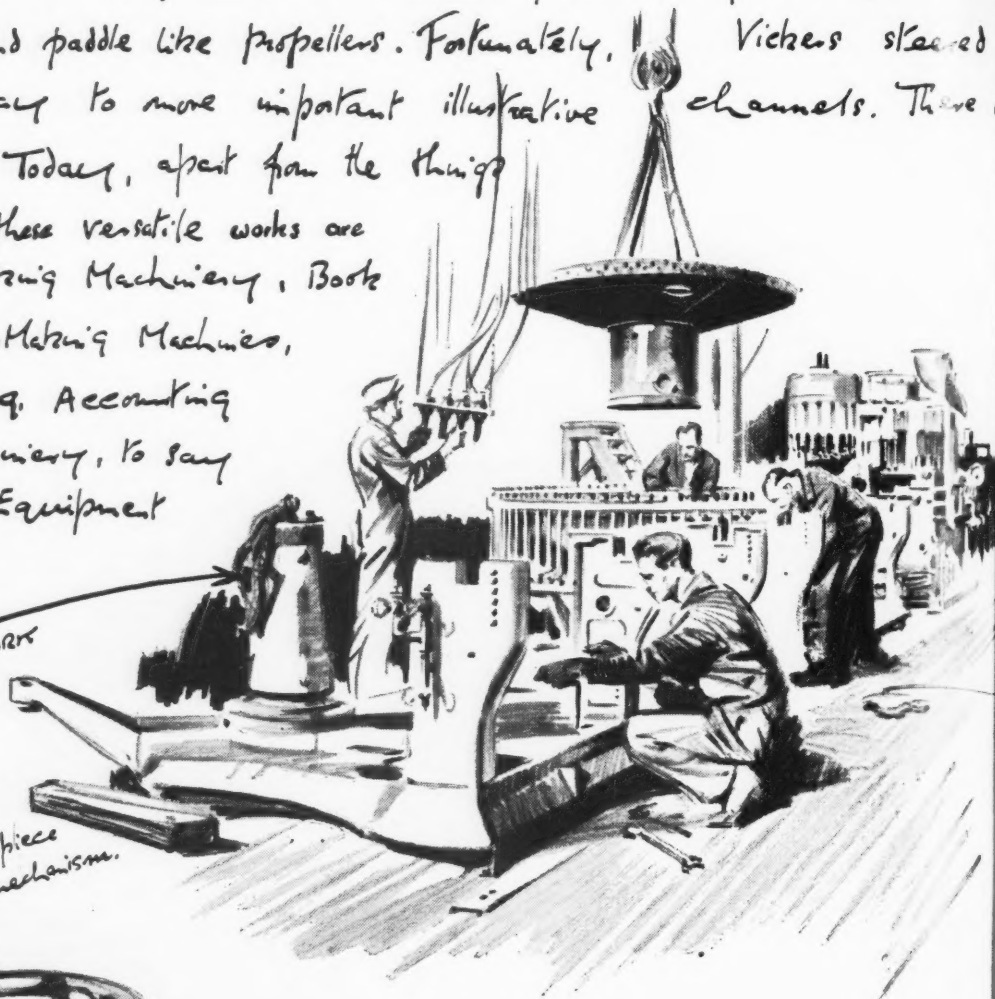
THE VICKERS GROUP

VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS (ENGINEERS) LTD.
CRAYFORD & DARTFORD, ENGLAND.

What I wanted to do here was a sketch of old Sir Hiram Maxim's first Flying Machine of 1894. A glorious, steam driven piece of outrageousness, all flapping wings and paddle like propellers. Fortunately, Vickers steered me gently away to more important illustrative channels. There is no accounting --! Today, apart from the things

I have illustrated, these versatile works are running out:- Box-Making Machinery, Boots Stitches, Glass Bottle-Making Machines, Can-Making, Packaging, Accounting & Paint-Making Machinery, to say nothing of Brewery Equipment & Butter Blenders.

BEER — AND THE MACHINE
THAT CAN FILL AND CROWN CORK
24,000 BOTTLES OF IT IN
ONE HOUR! My sketch was
made during the construction
of a 60 Head Beer Filling
Machine. A really wonderful piece
of mechanism.



LET'S LOOK DOWN A BARREL

Old Harvey Mason is now well into his 70's and has been with the firm for 43 years. The thing he handles is not an ancient instrument of torture, but a press for straightening gun barrels. After the boring operation, Mason by observing the cast shadows within the bore can actually straighten a barrel by eye to within half a thou. of an inch!!

PUMPS IN PARADE

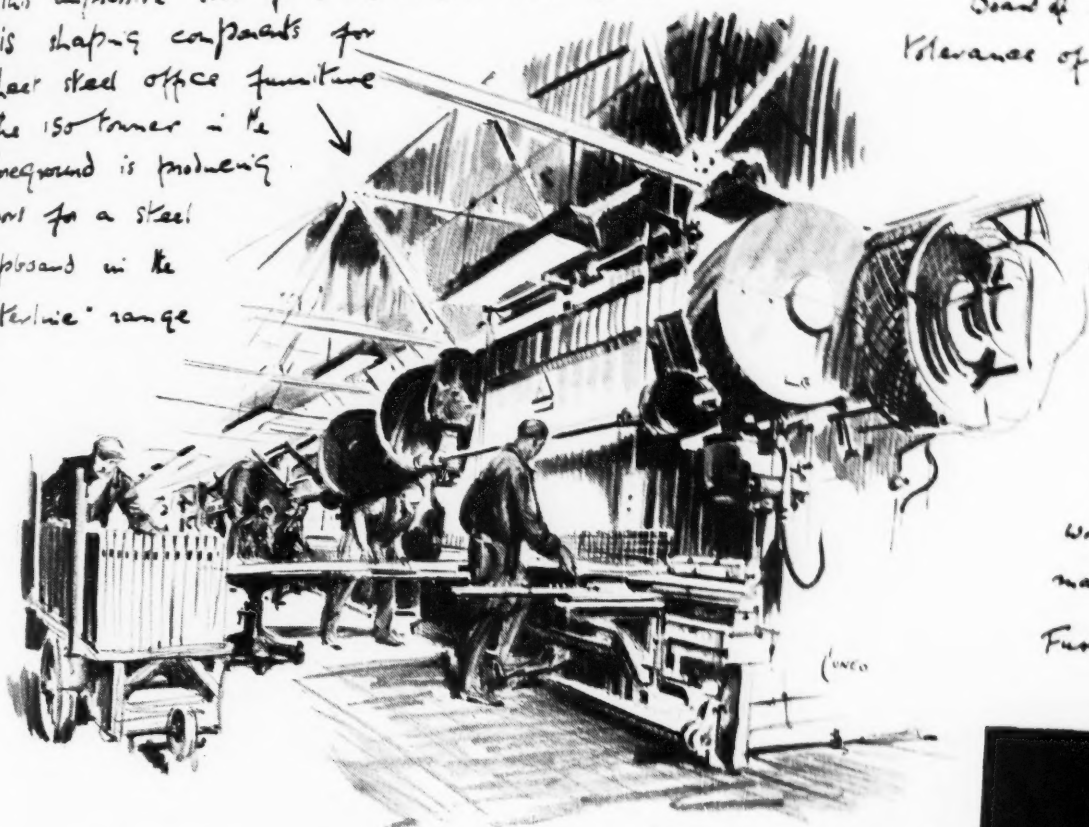
And what a parade! Grayford have manufactured thousands of Petrol Pumps since 1946 — a large sale to many countries of the world.

As my car only does 15 to the gallon I was relieved to hear the following:—

When a pump is checked the Weights and Measures Dept. of the Board of Trade only allow a tolerance of minus nothing plus one fluid ounce in one gallon.

FURNITURE OF STEEL

This impressive row of Vickers Anti Press Brackets is shaping components for sheer steel office furniture. The 150 tonner in the foreground is producing doors for a steel cupboard in the "Interline" range.



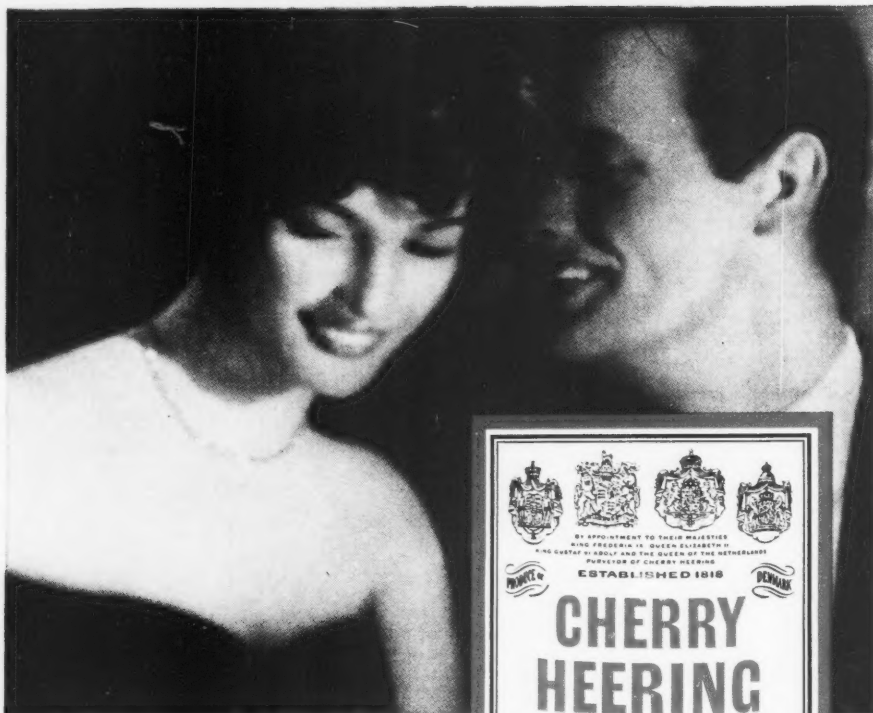
The Dartford Works have been manufacturing Steel Furniture since 1931.

Next Commission:
VICKERS - ARMSTRONGS
(Engineers) LTD
BARROW.

Office equipment and furniture for industry's administration, fuel pumps for industry's transport. These are typical of the contributions made by the Grayford and Dartford Works to the resources of the Vickers Group to meet the ever increasing and diverse demands of industry all over the world.

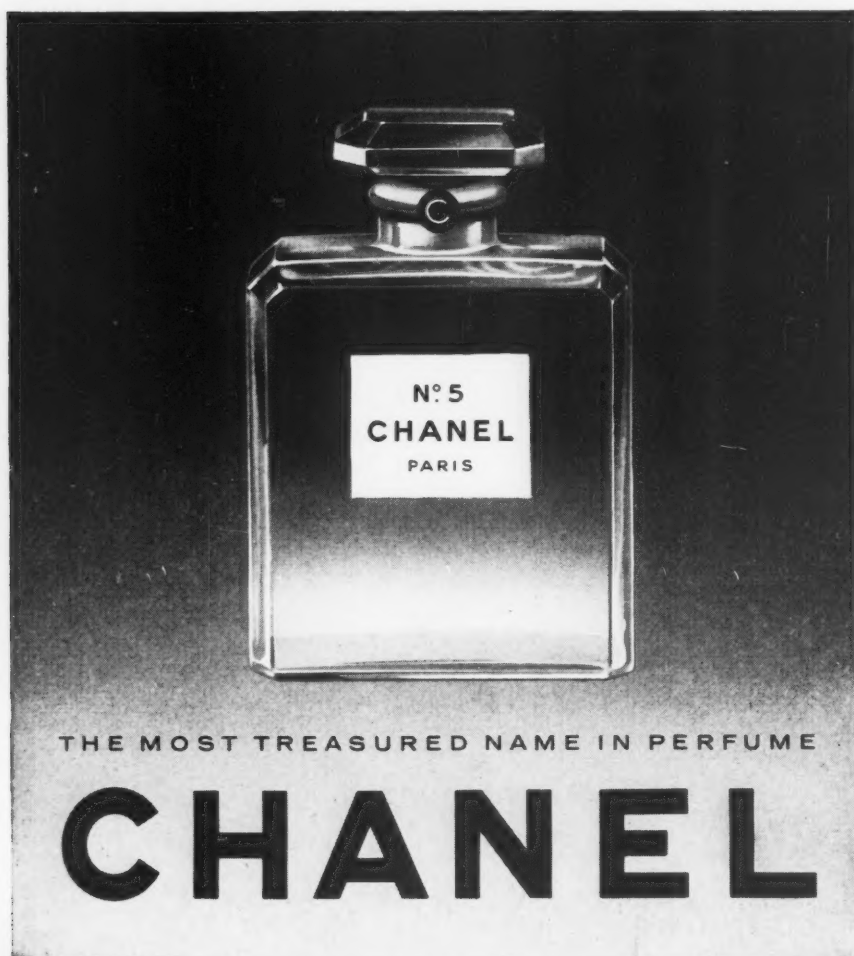
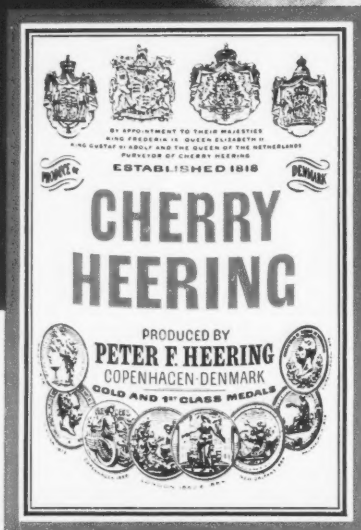


Y040778



*The difference between
eating and dining!*

DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT SINCE 1818



Just the hot, silent sun on white cement walls. It might have been siesta time in Mexico it was so quiet.

B—— nudged me. I looked up. He nodded toward the drain. I followed his glance. A little bird was hopping about among the twigs and the ends of its wings had been blown away. I managed a sickly smile. One more innocent. Suddenly shouting broke out down the road. A Limey sergeant was running toward us in the open, shouting to each pile of sandbags as he ran. He looked wild.

"We're packin' in " he yelled at us. I gripped my rifle tighter. I'd never heard the phrase, didn't know what the hell it meant. Move? Advance? The Tommies around me were yelling at each other. I couldn't hear myself shout. I grabbed one of them. "What's he saying?" I screamed.

"We're packin' in!"

"What's that mean!"

"Givin' up! Surrender!"

Surrender? Then it's over. No more fighting. Giving up? To the Japs? Will they take prisoners alive? None of us did. Every Jap captured was killed. Now we were in *their* power. Completely. Don't think of it. You're alive, see? You would have been a corpse in a couple of hours. You never expected to see the night again. And now, there may be a chance to survive!

I looked around and found madness sweeping through the barracks. Smash everything before they get here! Throw away your rifle bolts! Smash your rifles! Ruin everything! The tension, built up over a period of days, released itself in a hysterical fury. We've lost! We're powerless! They'll kill us all.

Men began weeping, out of sheer helplessness. What a horrible feeling of nakedness. A soldier was carried past me—he'd shot himself. I gaped at him. Maybe he knew. Shall I? Suicide? I stared at Captain B——. He was weeping unashamedly. We gathered around him. I found myself slobbering like the rest.

"I'm sorry, boys," he apologized. "I didn't mean to get you into this."

T—— sat there, dry-eyed and hot with shame and self-disgust. "It's all wrong," he growled. "We should all die fighting. We're all a buncha yellow bastards!" I didn't understand.

"Haven't we done what's expected of us?" I demanded. He made me feel guilty. "You're no good to your country dead! While you're alive, you can still hope for another chance!"

My reaction was overwhelming relief. His, desolation. I refused to think farther ahead than one day. I would live this day out. And the next. Grand thought. It's over, it's over, I repeated. For this moment, this respite, I could only be glad. Time enough in the future for sorrow.

A Benediction of Bishops

BY KILDARE DOBBS

THE FELLOWS I admired at prep school (it was a boarding school for boys aged 8 to 13) were all experts of one kind or another. O'Reilly Minimus was a dove-fancier and kept pigeons; Harvey had won prizes at flower-shows with his rare alpine plants; Hughes-Blood Major was bull conscious and kept in his locker a photograph of his father's shorthorn champion, Prince's Pride of Ballymore.

I alone, it seemed to me, lacked a specialty to raise me in the esteem of my friends. I lay awake at night and listened to the sounds of Dublin Bay: the far thunder of the Kish lightship,



Dove-fancier O'Reilly Minimus.

the mournful bellow of the lighthouse on the North wall answered by the groan of the Bailey — deep calling to deep, tonic to dominant. It made me feel lonely and small.

I thought I would be comforted if only I knew more about some one subject than any of my friends.

And then one night it came to me. I would be a bishop watcher.

The bishops in my collection would naturally be dignitaries of the (Anglican) Church of Ireland. This restriction was imposed by my upbringing. But I dare claim that the quality of my specimens was not on that account to be inferior. It was in Ireland that Anthony Trollope, who in his Barchester novels showed himself to be an ad-

vanced and discriminating episcopologist, had put in his essential field-work.

The tradition was rich and choice and specimens like the eighteenth century Bishop of Derry who raised his own regiment of dragoons might still be collected. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century there had appeared such a phoenix as Archbishop Whateley of Dublin.

He it was who settled an argument at the vice-regal dinner-table in a singularly conclusive manner. The talk having taken what in those days was regarded as a philosophical turn, the distinguished guests began to wrangle over the interesting question of how long a man can hold his breath without fainting.

The archbishop at once called for a basin of water, and when the footman placed it before him, doffed his wig and plunged his head in as far as the neck. The guests watched, first in astonishment, and then, as the minutes went by, in alarm. At last, having made his point to his satisfaction, His Grace emerged frowning and mopped his head with a napkin.

One hundred years later his kind, though less numerous, still existed.

As when the casual purchase of a rare and beautiful piece of china decides its owner to become in earnest a fullblown collector, so I, finding in my possession a specimen of singular purity and uniqueness, decided that I would become a serious episcopologist.

I came by this initial specimen accidentally, yet, as they say, honestly. It was my own Grandpa: deceased by this time, yet vivid in my memory.

How beautiful he was, my Grandpa! I can still see him in my mind's eye, alighting from the four-wheeler cab in which he had taken me to the zoo. He was tall and graceful, his shapely legs encased in those black buttoned gaiters without which no Irish church dignitary cares to be seen in public.

His strong, handsome head is crowned with a tall silk hat adorned with black rosette and what appear to be bootlaces. From the back pocket of his frock coat he takes a small leather purse, from which he draws a silver half-crown for the cabby; over his braided arm is hooked a rolled umbrella. He looks down at me and smiles.

My other memory of him is more



How beautiful he was, my Grandpa!

intimate. He is standing in his bedroom dressed only in long woollen combinations. Smiton, the butler, knocks, enters and addresses him as Your Grace.

Grandpa, then, was my first acquisition. To him I soon added my lord of Waterford, a very tall, thin bishop whose only flaw, from a collector's point of view, was a slight reserve of manner. The legs in gaiters were admirable, the amethyst ring on the rather fine hand was uncommonly good, in his day he had been so remarkable a cricketer that he had actually bowled out W. G. Grace, grand old man of the game.

But he gave the impression that he thought a simple handshake — firm and manly though it was — sufficient by way of greeting. Now the proper way for a bishop to greet anyone of the male sex is to shake his hand and hug him simultaneously with the left arm, at the same time giving a strong apostolic squeeze.

In saluting a small boy it is also desirable that there be added some such



W. G. Grace actually bowled out!

heartily exclamation as — "Me dear fellow! I know your father well, God bless him! And how's your poor mother?" (Mothers are poor in this context in a special sense which has always eluded me.)

To Waterford I soon added Tuam, Killaloe, Ossory and the Primate himself, Metropolitan of Armagh. The bishop of Meath, when I secured him, gave a special lustre to my collection. For, small boy though I was, I knew that he was the only prelate not an archbishop to be addressed as the Most Reverend.

Such distinctions now came easily to me, and I loved to let my mind dwell on the subtle difference between a Lord Bishop who was merely the Right Reverend and an archbishop who was the Most. Lesser dignitaries such as deans (Very Reverend) and arch-

quietly on his large estate not far from my school.

One day I received from him a letter of invitation to spend one of my Sunday *exeats* with him. The bishop of my home diocese, who was his guest, had expressed a desire to look me up: any grandson of my grandfather was welcome in his house. My emotions, as I penned in my childish hand an eager acceptance, can be imagined.

Next Sunday I was fetched by a chauffeur and footman in a very large Rolls-Royce of antique design. Half an hour's drive brought us to the vast gates of the bishop's private demesne: there was yet a mile of avenue to traverse before my astonished eyes were confronted by the house itself. It is not hard to describe. Anyone who has seen Buckingham Palace or a building of comparable size and pomposity can



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deacons (Venerable) were not so much beneath my notice as outside my field.

Stamp-collectors and numismatists, not to mention certain bibliomanes, give special value to the uncommon, even to the freak specimen. The penny stamp which shows Queen Victoria with a moustache, could it be found, would command its own price in the market; the Shakespeare folio autographed by Francis Bacon no less.

As for the episcopophile, he distinguishes between the specimen which is merely defective (like the bishop who allows himself to be seen in common black trousers) and that which is unique. Within a year of embarking on my specialty I had acquired a bishop who was *sui generis*, the sole exemplar of his kind.

This bishop was not only elegant sartorially, a scholar of exquisite civility, gentle, saintly — he was also filthy rich.

Long ago, when he had been for a time a parish clergyman, he had astounded the farmers and country gentlemen to whom he ministered spiritually by keeping an establishment of six footmen — and other servants in proportion. At the time of which I write, ill health had forced him to retire from the bench, and he was living

imagine it.

The Rolls-Royce glided to a standstill under an immense pillared *porte cochère*. The footman opened the door for me, and I, a very small boy in short trousers, emerged and began the long climb up the stone steps to the front doorway. Here another liveried footman received from me my school cap; a third with a graceful gesture beckoned me to follow him.

Our footsteps echoed in the vast spaces of the marble entrance hall; somewhere in the alabaster recesses of the house a clock was gravely chiming. From time to time we passed groups of heroic statuary. We ascended flights of stone stairs with gilt balustrades.

At last, after traversing a mile or so of lofty corridors, we arrived at our destination and the footman announced me.

The two old bishops sprang from their easy chairs by the fire. My host, whom I shall call Bishop Porter, held out to me his frail white hands: the bishop of Thomond, smiling benevolently, hoisted the skirts of his frock coat and began in the friendliest manner to warm his gaitered legs at the fire.

"Me dear fellow! Well, well, well..."

Reverently I submitted to the hand-clasps, the hugs, the enquiries after my father and my poor mother.

"Do you like dogs?" Bishop Porter earnestly enquired, bending his knees to bring his face down to my level.

"Yes, my lord."

"Good boy, good boy. I'll show you some dogs."

A footman brought dogs: three pugs, a spaniel, an Irish wolfhound. The butler served tea and I was encouraged to give a slice of plum cake to each dog. The bishops were now obviously pleased and amused at the presence of a boy, and Bishop Porter, in the courtliest fashion, pressed me to eat and eat. He told me (but I could not believe him) that he had once been a boy himself.

After tea, the weather being fine and sunny, we went for a stroll in the pleasure grounds. Their lordships wore their felt hats with the bootlaces in them. Bishop Porter showed us the grotto, the ruined Roman temple built by his grandfather, the archway made from a whale's jawbone.

There was a long walk, flanked by a clipped yew hedge, where, at intervals of twenty feet or so, we paused before a series of white tombstones. They were inscribed with names and dates: "CAESAR AUGUSTUS", "CAESAR II", "CAESAR III" and so on.

Bishop Porter looked wistful.

"My old friends."

They were the graves of his pug dogs.

He linked his arm through mine. "Perhaps — who knows? — perhaps I shall see them again. . ." And then, half to himself, "A difficult theological point."

The bishop of Thomond laid a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Soon we came to the ornamental lake with its lilies and islands of willows. The bishops halted and smiled down at me. They were excited about something.

"Do you fish?" Bishop Porter suddenly asked.

"O, yes, my lord!"

The next thing I remember, we were in a little rowing-boat, the two old prelates at the minute oars, myself eagerly hauling in fat carp with a line and spinner.

It did not seem odd to me at all. We were all three completely happy. And when it was time for me to go back to school I could see that I was not the only one to feel reluctance.

"Goodbye, sir — my lord — I had a super time thanks awfully."

"Thank you. It is we who must thank you," my host gravely corrected me.

Next to Grandpa, and a little above the bishop of Thomond, Bishop Porter took his place as the prize of my collection.

Myfanny Waits for Me

BY DIANA GOLDSBOROUGH

I SEE THE ANNUALS are still with us, but Ichabod! in what inglorious shape. The ones I leafed through in the stores the other day were carelessly bound, rough-paper volumes abounding in articles on Stirling Moss and Hayley Mills. Each gives the impression of being hoked up on the spur of the moment for the Christmas trade, not an apotheosis in book form of a year's supply of magazines eagerly awaited and devoured.

The Annuals of *Puck*, *Chums*, *Chatterbox*, *Boys' Own* and *Girls' Own* that used to descend on our house at Christmas were enormous, weighty tomes suitable for stunning an ox or a teen-age boy—hundreds of smooth pages between groaning boards, and bound withal so cunningly as to outlast many hard-reading, hard-throwing generations.

They were always read in a prone position, because no child could sit up and hold one long enough to read a page. Contrast the Annuals of today: you can lift one in your hand easily—the *heft* just isn't there.

I never met a girl who preferred the *Girls' Own* to the *Boys' Own*; the former was turned to only when the latter was thoroughly memorized. The *G.O.A.* went in too much for instructions on knitting a jumper like Princess Margaret's, or delighting your mother with twenty-minute scones (I can imagine), while the *B.O.A.* stuck firmly to stories where Arabs have the British agent suspended upside down over a brazier of burning charcoal.

Or school stories. Here again, the boys' schools are immeasurably more interesting than the girls'. It's hard to see why, looking back, because the life was just as confining and the slang even more impenetrable.

It certainly wasn't the football that attracted me—I always used to skip the scrum chapters—nor the fisticuffs—if I wanted violence I could find a superior brand in the adventure stories; perhaps it was the food—schoolgirls at St. Frideswide's never seemed to eat, while at boys' schools the lads were forever stealing down to the larder



Adventure keynote of boy's books.

after lights out and having glorious tuck-ins of a dozen fried sausages and jam tarts.

As a matter of fact the boys' stories were written by more talented authors. Every public school Englishman gives the impression that he could turn out a school story in the time it takes his son to do his prep, and the famous writers who eked out their lean years on the *B.O.P.* and its fellows are legion. P. G. Wodehouse, Graham Greene, C. Day Lewis and Lawrence Durrell are only a few of those who donned pseudonyms for the boys' mags, so if I loved these stories I can always tell myself they may have been the work of the masters.

Only the other day I found one of my favourite *B.O.A.* stories (a new House — and all school story fans know what that means — is formed to which slackers, duds, grinds, wets and similar dregs are sent. Two friends, our heroes, are sent there to leaven the

lump and resentfully plan to go to the devil. The Housemaster — cheery, determined and equally new — resolves to thwart them. Now read on.) in book form, brand-new, in Eaton's book department.

It was by Geoffrey Trease, and he explains in a foreword that he dredged it up recently and thought it worthy to be published under his name. Graham Greene may yet come across.

She who would read a girls' school story for the plot would hang herself. A fairly typical sample is *Cecil of the Carnations* of which, as of scores of others, I have total recall. I wish I could forget them.

Grey-eyed Cecil, a pillar of the Guides, captain of the troop Carnations, and blonde witty Clarice are rivals for the friendship of delicate Nina (Hmmmmmm). Nina steals out of the dorm to a dance (strictly forbidden) and her cloaked form is seen stealing back. Cecil heroically confesses in her place, and Clarice, who knows the truth, keeps quiet.

In a dramatic scene Cecil is drummed out of the Guides and is divested of all her knots and badges. That brutal moment when the Rose Captain, who had never liked Cecil, tore off her First Aid badge! When, in later life, I came to read of the Dreyfus case, it was just a great anticlimax.

In an epilogue Cecil, now a social worker, reminisces with the Head, who had known all along. Nina is an invalid. Clarice got married: that's the sort *she* was.

These stories were common in book form too. My godmother relentlessly gave me one every anniversary. One Christmas it was a volume with a picture on the cover of a couple of tense-looking girls in what looked like Girl Guide uniform. I was plodding through it in rather a bewildered way when my mother came upon it.

It was *The Well of Loneliness* and came heaven-sent to my mother's hand, as she had just sustained a rebuke from the godmother for letting me read *Don Juan*. ("Do you think Byron quite



Always one good story featuring trouble with the natives in far-off lands.

right for little girls?"). There were hazards in buying the school stories as well as in reading them.

For it was a strange terrifying world, the world of the girls' school story — stranger than Oz. I could imagine myself in the desert, keeping nomad assassins at bay, or in Kabul, disguised as a mendicant dervish, or in my trusty monoplane, eluding von Richthofen's circus, or even in the Remove in a boys' school, but never could I imagine myself making a life among the tunic-clad terrors of a girls' school.

Those prefects whose frown was ostracism, those giggling lower form girls, those paper-chases, those hockey-sticks, those hats like inverted bird baths, the incomprehensible customs of the country! There was always a crude Colonial, despised by all until she proved herself by some signal act of derring-do, like skating over thin ice to rescue the games mistress. There was a Scholarship Kid, a hopeless grind — she could never hope to establish herself, unless by almost dying of pneumonia.

Snobberies, too, perform complete revolutions. It is positively refreshing now to remember that one girl was despised because her father was a brain surgeon — "It's cutting people up for money, isn't it?" (Well, *isn't* it?) Dimsie, of an immortal series, didn't realize for several volumes what cloud it was that hovered over her head: her mother — not father, mother — had cheated at cards.

I found Dimsie again last year in a Budapest second-hand bookshop. In Hungary, works in English are almost entirely confined to a nasty purple-bound series printed in Moscow and distributed throughout the satellite countries. The works chosen illustrate the intentions of the Moscow editors, if not the glories of English literature.

Dickens' *Hard Times* is to be found; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*; *Silas Marner*, of course, very popular among Communists; Cronin's *Hatter's Castle*; *Elmer Gantry* (the only American

work); and Godwin's *Caleb Williams*.

Godwin's daughter's immortal *Frankenstein* is not to be seen; Godwin's son-in-law, who, one would think, could be fitted quite neatly into the Marxist ideology, goes unrepresented; but there is *Caleb Williams*, selling more copies, I dare say, than in all its previous existence.

The second-hand book stores, however, abound in books in English, and they provide a striking contrast to the purple tribe. P. G. Wodehouse, P. C. Wren, Mazo de la Roche, Zane Grey, "Sapper" — shelves of unregenerate romanticism. But I didn't have a chance to sample them: my eyes lit on *The Dimsie Omnibus*.

For a blissful twenty minutes I refreshed my memories of the Anti-Soppist League ("The new kids are awfully soppy. They've started a dramatic society and are all becoming most fearfully affected. None of them turn out for games — all they care



Tales spiked with violent action.

about is their silly play.")

The bookshop man said Hungarians like these books to learn English from. "Hallo, kidlets, had good hols?" "I say, what's Winnie Hatton's satchel doing on Rosamond's bed? Is the old gang to be broken up at last?" "Biting a prefect? It's a bit much, even from a new kid on first night."

I should like to meet the Hungarians who learned English from the girls' school story. I guess it makes a nice change from *Caleb Williams*.

Hungarians may be made of sterner stuff, but they frightened me. I can only thank a kind fate that did not instal me in one of these schools. I would never have made the grade, even if my father was not a brain surgeon. I was never any good at skating over thin ice. What kept me reading was the marvellous nomenclature.

Myfanwy, Clemency, Esme — why didn't I know girls with names like that? In a boys' school story it's a bad sign if you even learn the Christian name of a protagonist; Smith Minor remains Smith Minor to the end — although it was years before I knew Minor wasn't a surname.

But at a girls' school the name is of vital importance in establishing the persona. Monica, Valerie and Cecil are prefect material; Dulcie is apt to be a giggling nonentity; Gina, Nesta, Olivia and Justine are usually baddies. (The *Alexandria Quartet* had no real suspense for me: I knew she was going to turn out like that — no Justine can ever be a true heroine.)

To every early reader of the girls' school story, part of the interest of unfolding life lies in collecting the names in the flesh. Dogged imitative life has produced for me Cecil, Elspeth, Eiluned, Heather, Iris, Jasmine, Moira, Morag, Ursula, Fiona, Gina (the original Gina had a hard row to hoe. "Brought up abroad . . . Her father married an Italian singer". No wonder she became a villain.)

But gaps remain. I have yet to meet a Myfanwy. And though one rich year netted me three Sibyls, two Leslies, a Maeve and a Flavia, sometimes three years go by without adding one to the roster. Shall I never meet a Dimity? Do Richendas exist? If a Prunella lives, why does she not cross my path?

Even if they all appear, I shall be spared the fate that falls on those who get all they ask in this world. For, to be really authentic, they ought to be the names *as I pronounced them*. That would mean Myfanwy as a dactyl, Philippa not as one, Esme rhyming with yes'm, and Hermione in three syllables with the accent ringingly on the last. Time, you thief, who love to get sweets into your list, put those in!

For Younger Readers

BY CHARLES PAUL MAY

ADULTS NEED NO longer quake at the thought of finding something suitable for a young person's Christmas. They can go to the bookstore without a qualm, knowing that among the hundreds of books published each year there are some suitable for every niece, nephew, grandchild, son, or daughter.

There are even books to please the boss' children, no matter if they are little monsters. Since most grown-ups have at least a vague idea of the ages of the children they know, this guide to what's in the stores has been broken down by age groups.

Picture-Book Ages

Christmas Is a Time of Giving, by Joan Walsh Anglund, illustrated by the author — *Longmans, Green* — \$1.75.

Small children are always charmed by the chinless, doll-like youngsters that Mrs. Anglund draws for her delightful books. In this one, the tiny people are decorating, wrapping, and in other ways getting ready for the holiday.

There is no plot, and none is needed as the author explains the different things that Christmas is, the different ways in which people prepare for this special time of year. She does not forget to make a point that Christmas is a time of love.

The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night, illustrated by Peter Spier — *Doubleday* — \$3.50.

Taking an old English folk song and re-setting it in New England, the artist has produced a truly beautiful book. The words tell the tale of a fox that robs old farmer Giggle-Gaggle of a duck and goose.

As the thief runs through the countryside, crossing a stream by way of a covered bridge, passing a churchyard, and sneaking under a drying shed, he is surrounded by a wealth of detail that should hold a child's interest for hours. The color illustrations, particularly, are works of art.



From "Old Mrs. Billups".

Thumbelina, by Hans Christian Andersen, illustrated by Adrienne Adams — *Saunders* — \$4.50.

Andersen's fairy tale of a thumb-sized girl enchants most youngsters, and now it has soft, warm illustrations that make it all the more beautiful. It will be surprising if Miss Adams does not win some awards for her scenes of Thumbelina caring for the swallow, living in an oversized world, and finally meeting other people her own size.

The Gift of Hawaii, by Laura Bannon, illustrated by the author — *McLeod* — \$3.25.

John John sets out, with his myna bird, to get his mother a big present, but the money from his piggy bank is not enough for a muumuu or even a lei. At last, however, he solves his problem in



From "The Fox Went Out".

a logical way. Picture-book listeners will learn some Hawaiian words and customs while enjoying a good story.

Old Mrs. Billups and the Black Cats, by Ruth Carroll, illustrated by the author — *Oxford* — \$3.50.

Small children need some books that are mainly for fun, and this yarn of a very superstitious woman is such a book. After ruining her clothes to escape a family of black cats, Mrs. Billups finally discovers, against her wishes, what heart-winning little creatures they can be. Such a story could be moralistic, but the author avoids that pitfall with a funny surprise at the end.

Herbie, by Hildegard Ford, illustrated by Mary Win — *Burns & MacEachern* — \$3.25.

For the beginning reader to try on his own, Miss Ford has written a football story about a boy who finally proves that he is big enough to play with the other boys. Besides its simple vocabulary of one hundred and twenty-two words, the tale has a worthwhile message about respecting people's differences, though this is never stated as a moral.

Six to Ten

Becky's Christmas, by Tasha Tudor, illustrated by the author — *Macmillan* — \$3.50.

A secret surprise for Becky provides the thread of plot, but the best thing about this book is the very real picture it gives of an old-fashioned farm Christmas. From the time Christmas cakes are started until the last present is opened and Becky has her surprise, every page carries a warm feeling of the holiday season.

Makon and the Dauphin, by Nan Hayden Agle, illustrated by Robert Frankenberg — *Saunders* — \$3.95.

Suggested by facts, this book relates the experiences an Indian boy might

have had after being captured in the New World and taken to France in the sixteenth century. Makon is forced to work on the ship, and once in France is exhibited in a bear cage.

At last the young Dauphin sees him and his life becomes more pleasant. His dream, however, is to return home, and through his own bravery he gets the chance.

Whitefoot, the Story of a Wood Mouse, by Robert M. McClung, illustrated by the author — *McLeod* — \$3.25.

Written as a novel, this is a fact-filled nature book. The life of a mouse can be one escape after another, and so it is with Whitefoot. As the young reader follows her adventures, he will learn about plants and other animals found where she lives.

The Stowaway Piper, by Lilla Stirling, illustrated by Kurt Werth — *Nelson* — \$2.95.

For both boys and girls, *Stowaway Piper* is the exciting account of a boy's fleeing from Scotland to reach Nova Scotia. Half of the book takes place before he slips on board a ship, however, and the Nova Scotia-born author makes the old country both interesting and believable.

Beyond the High Hills, illustrated by Guy Mary-Rousseliere—*Nelson, Foster & Scott*—\$4.75.

It will be unfortunate if Eskimo poetry has limited appeal, for this is one of the best and most unusual books of the year, illustrated with strikingly beautiful color photos. The poems tell of every-day events in the lives of Eskimos, making these people more real and understandable than most books about them. Adults as well as youngsters may be surprised at the ability some Eskimos have to express themselves well.



From "Beyond the High Hills".

Nine to Fourteen

Sketco the Raven, by Robert Ayre, illustrated by Philip Surrey — *Macmillan* — \$3.00.

Sketco is a folk hero of Canada's west-coast Indians, and his exploits, like those of many such characters, center in natural phenomena—the sun, moon, stars, thunder, lightning—and animals. Sketco is cunning, but he uses his cleverness for the benefit of the Indians he loves. Even so, it is fortunate that he has strong magic, for his wits do not always get him out of the strange adventures that befall him. Both author and artist are Canadians.

The Secret World of Og, by Pierre Berton, illustrated by William Winter — *McClelland & Stewart* — \$2.95.

It is hard to say that this fantasy is for any specific age group, as the children in it are various ages and the funny adventures in an underground world will appeal to any boy or girl who enjoys outlandish yarns.

Younger children may have some trouble keeping the five characters straight, as their names all begin with the letter P, but they aren't too likely to worry about which character is doing what as the children race through and are chased around a land of little green creatures.

Owls in the Family, by Farley Mowat, illustrated by Robert Frankenberg — *Little, Brown* — \$3.50.

The author is one of the best-known Canadian writers today, frequently concentrating on the plight of the Eskimos. Here, however, he is giving a light and wonderful picture of his boyhood in Saskatchewan when he really did number two owls among his varied pets.

Wol and Weeps become quite real to the reader, and the author insists that the adventures he shared with them are all true. No one will want to doubt it.

The Road to Kip's Cove, by Lyn Cook, illustrated by William Wheeler — *Macmillan* — \$2.95.

The settings are the Bay of Quinte and the Trent Canal where Kip Brooks is a newcomer. After he has made friends with Dan, the Indian boy, his life becomes brighter and filled with adventure. A canoe trip down the canal is the most exciting part of this novel, but the sound portrayal of family life gives added value. The finding and losing of the dog Scout builds up the drama, yet no one should give this book with the idea that it is a dog story.



From "The Secret World of Og".

Bush Flying in Alaska, by Charles Coombs, illustrated by Morgan Henninger — *McLeod* — \$3.00.

The author has made a study of the state, the conditions that make hazardous flying a necessity, and the men who risk their lives. He illustrates his points with actual incidents that make exciting reading. Much of what he has to say applies to bush flying in Canada as well.

First Book of New Zealand, by Edna Kaula, illustrated by the author — *Ambassador* — \$2.95.

Miss Kaula knows New Zealand at first hand and has the ability to make the reader feel that he is seeing it at first hand, too. History, geography, agriculture, people — these all have a place in making an absorbing book.

Teens

Rattlesnake Range, by A. H. Pearce, illustrated by P. F. Wright — *Ryerson* — \$2.25.

Once more Edward, Frank, and Gerry are camping out in British Columbia, and readers of previous books about them will be delighted to know there is a new one. As always, the boys have plenty of unexpected adventures, though some of these latest ones stretch the imagination.

The presence of two girls in the tale makes it less of a boys' story than *Hyak Inlet* and *Porpoise Bay*.

The Emerald Clue, by Jean Bothwell—*Longmans, Green*—\$3.75.

Girls will be fascinated by modern India as presented by Miss Bothwell, who



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BASIC RULES FOR SAFE WINTER DRIVING

1. START GENTLY

On packed snow or ice, start a manual shift car gently in second gear. Turn wheels straight ahead to ease starting. When you are stuck in snow, start in low gear and move slowly forward as far as possible and then shift to reverse. Repeat rocking action until your car is free.

2. SEE AND BE SEEN

Keep windows and windshield clear of snow, ice and slush. Lower back windows slightly to ventilate and to keep the inside glass from fogging up. Turn on headlights during day-time snow storms to help others see you.

3. GET THE FEEL OF THE ROAD

Keep a check on the slipperiness of ice and snow and adjust your speed accordingly. Test the surface of the road regularly with a single brake or accelerator application to find out how easily wheels will slide or spin.

4. FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE

Keep well back of the vehicle ahead so that you will have plenty of room to stop. Drive at slower than normal speeds.

5. BRAKE BEFORE TURNS

Anticipate braking situations and start slowing down well before you reach a turn, an intersection or the crest of a hill.

6. PUMP YOUR BRAKES WHEN STOPPING

Pump your brakes to prevent the wheels from locking and skidding on ice or slippery snow. Pumping is a quick application of the brakes followed immediately by full release. This gives alternate intervals of maximum braking effect and steering control while the wheels are rolling.

CANADIAN HIGHWAY SAFETY COUNCIL

has lived there for a good many years. Princess Tara Vik Raj will not conform to the old ways that keep women in the background. As a result, she discovers the murdered stranger with the emerald clutched in his fist, and the theft of the horse Raj-raj. More surprising, she manages to be present when the thief is captured, and to race for the Maharajah's Cup.

This tale of the younger generation's breaking with traditions has literary flavor as well as an intriguing plot.

Your Teens and Mine, by Eleanor Roosevelt, with Helen Ferris—*Double-day*—\$3.50.

Mrs. Roosevelt calls on experiences of her own youth to help girls of today avoid some of the difficulties she knew. As biography, or as superb counsel, it should find a place on any girl's bookshelf.

Rocket Richard, by Andy O'Brien — *Ryerson* — \$3.25.

This biography of one of hockey's outstanding players will be exactly what many boys would like to have this Christmas. The author does not overlook the battles that "The Rocket" got into, though he emphasizes the player more than the man, and it is to be hoped that boys will be able to get the book away from their fathers long enough to finish it.

Wild and Free, by H. Mortimer Batten, illustrated by Stuart Tresilian — *Ryerson* — \$2.25.

A Canadian game warden until his death, Batten knew animals like those he describes in the seven stories in this book. Beaver, wolves, cougars, moose, loons, deer, and people are among the chief performers, and every creature is drawn with loving care. The author's ability to capture the humor that exists in nature is a special asset, but most of the writing is dramatic, with narrow escapes and real-life hunting and being hunted.

Since most age groups are flexible, it will still be necessary for adults to do a little thinking about the young people for whom they are buying.

A fairly safe rule of thumb is to get a book that is a trifle older than the child rather than a book that is too young for him. Not that he will grow into it, as he does into big brother's hand-me-downs, but he is more willing to try to read something that does not insult his reading ability than be caught looking at a book he feels is too young for him.



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SN CITY

Good Reading, Good Looking

BY ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH

SINCE CAXTON first fiddled about with movable type there can hardly have been a publishing season so rich in sumptuous books as this one. Full of sharp reproductions of ingenious black and white photography, or of true-tone reproductions of alarmingly life-like color photography, this year's crop of coffee table books is also wittily or authoritatively written and sometimes both.

We have picked eight from the crop which seemed to us above average, even for this year's high norm. All of them make excellent reading, as well as entertaining and rewarding looking.

The New Toronto

THE PUBLISHERS call *The New City* "a prejudiced view of Toronto". But it is, in fact, a loving, perceptive and well-written portrait of an exciting metropolis by that notable ex-Vancouverite, Pierre Berton. Just how new a city Toronto is this book proves, both in its pictures taken by Henri Rossier and in its text.

Out of every three people who live in metro Toronto, two did not live there before the war. One of those two didn't even live in Canada. As Berton says:

"I doubt that any other city on the continent has absorbed such a high proportion of strangers in a similar period. It is they who are determining the city's shape and future course."

It is they who have caused the opening of a new subway, two new burlesque houses, one enormous new theatre, two smaller theatres and at least a dozen first class restaurants. Even more revolutionary, they have caused these places to be open on Sunday, so that instead of spending a wet week in Toronto on a Sunday afternoon, as you used to be able to do, you can now spend two hours with, or in reasonable proximity to, Cup-Cakes (take it off) Cassidy.

The European immigrants, particularly, have insisted on better parks for the summer and better entertainment in the winter. They have created sidewalk cafes (on Bay Street, yet) and open air markets (on Dundas West).

But Toronto has also retained much of what was characterful before—Kensington market, Chinatown and the Jarvis Street "sin strip".

As if he were looking at a European city for the first time, Berton roams in unaccustomed places at unaccustomed

times. He knows the small dives and also the large expense-account palaces. He has an interest in food, in people, in history and in aesthetics.

Henri Rossier has a lively lens as Berton has a probing pen. The result is a really first rate book — even for Montrealers or Vancouverites.

The New City, by Pierre Berton & Henri Rossier—Macmillan—\$7.50.

Sing Along With G & S

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN have got a real thing going for them nowadays. Not only does every high school in the country present *The Mikado* once every five years (or seem to), but even Stratford has got into the act. And Gilbert, Sullivan and Guthrie are a formidable trio. Anyone who saw either the *Pirates of Penzance* this year or last year's *H.M.S. Pinafore* knows just how witty contemporary Gilbert and Sullivan still are.

Martyn Green was a star of the famous D'Oyly Carte company for over 20 years (he had a pretty good thing going for himself too). Now, in one all-embracing, well-produced, but difficult-to-stand-up-on-a-piano book, he has given us all a chance to get with it. His



Rossier photograph from "New City".

Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan contains the complete librettos of the 11 top operas and the music (arranged for piano accompaniment) for all the chief songs in each opera.

Down the side of the libretto text are his useful comments on what should happen on the stage at the particular moment in the script and before each opera he gives a useful summary of its origin and stage history.

As if this were not enough for one book, there is a most beautiful color plate preceding each work, drawn with skill and charm by Lucille Corcos.

I don't think the binding will stand up to bathroom steam, but otherwise it's the best primer for shower singers I have seen in years.

Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan, by Martyn Green — Musson — \$14.50 to Christmas, \$17.50 after.

For Car Buffs

FIFTY YEARS ago the horseless carriage ceased being that and started to be the kind of machine that we now reckon the car should be. The steamers, the electric and the lethal eccentricities of the early gasoline engine passed into history. A workable combustion engine which just consumed its proper fuel and not the car and passengers as well was by then normal.

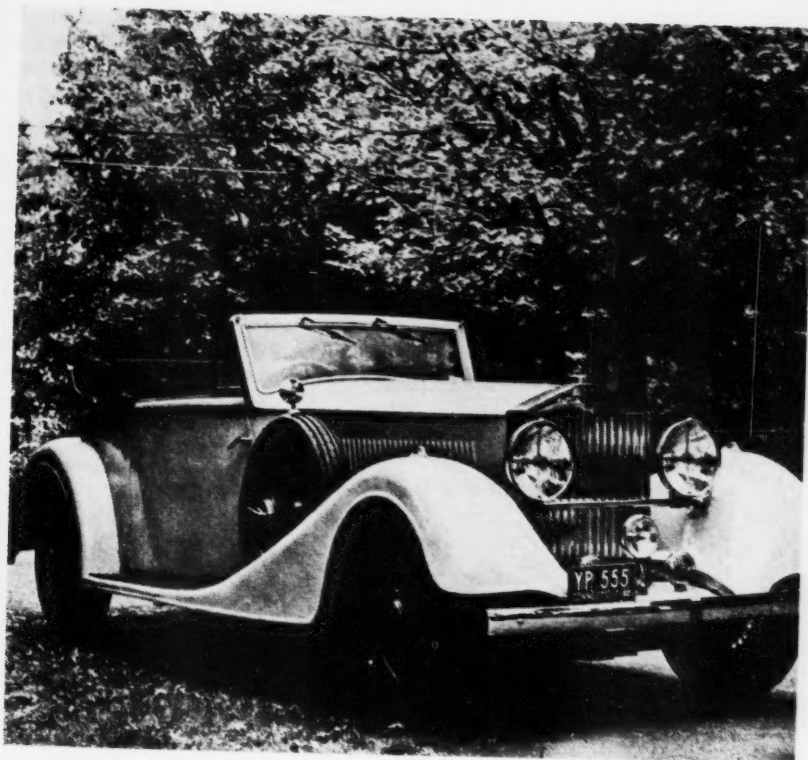
Since that time the car has been a notably good index to the social climate of each succeeding decade. The leather and brass elegance of the Edwardian era gave way to the long-hooded, excessively powerful Stutzes, Hispano-Suizas, Mercedes' and Bentleys in the 20s and 30s. Then came the Detroit passion wagon of the 40s and 50s until we got to the sublimated sex symbols of the sporting 60s.

Ralph Stein is a lover of everything on wheels which is propelled by gasoline and his *Treasury of the Automobile* is a very good book indeed. He owns a vintage Rolls, he has driven many an antique Duesenberg, Bentley, or what have you, and has read the early accounts of the pioneers.

The book is chock full of the most gorgeous pictures, both in color and in black and white, including double page spreads of such *grands marques* as Delage, Duesenberg, Mercer, Bentley, Alfa Romeo, Bugatti, Mercedes-Benz, Rolls-Royce and Ferrari.



"Venus of Arles" from "The Wonders of France".



1935 Rolls-Royce from "The Treasury of the Automobile"



From "Big Game Animals of North America"



Engraving from "The Compleat Imbiber".



Drawing from "Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan".

Even for people who think that cars are merely mechanical monsters which dominate our lives and fill our air with noxious fumes, this book is still a delight.

The Treasury of the Automobile, by Ralph Stein — Musson — \$13.95 before Christmas, \$16.95 after.

Guns and Gunmen

FOR ANYONE to whom winter means wandering through the bush with a rifle at the ready, *The Big Game Animals of North America* by Jack O'Connor is the perfect companion on those week ends when it is not possible to get away. O'Connor is the gun editor of *Outdoor Life* magazine and has earned this position by scrambling up more mountains and through more snow for bigger game than most other men.

What is refreshing, in a somewhat repulsive way, is his obvious delight in shooting anything that moves. No camera gunman he. ("The buck did not disappoint me. When he finally heard me I was not over 75 yards away. He looked at me if wondering what in the world I had done with my horse. I nailed him.")

Mind you O'Connor is no sadist. As he says, "a whitetail is a grand animal and the man who hunts him owes it to himself and to the deer to use good equipment, shoot carefully and kill cleanly." But even so, this isn't a book for the squeamish:

"I once shot the bottom of a buck's heart off and he ran about a quarter of a mile before he fell. Another time I took a running shot at an antelope skimming over a ridge, and he ran at least 300 yards with his stomach and intestines shot away".

Each of the big game animals, which include various sheep, deer, moose, big cats, bears (even the walrus, curiously enough) are illustrated with fine paintings by Douglas Allen and there are very good natural histories of each species by George Goodwin, an associate curator of mammals in the American Museum of Natural History. A book for a real man's man, virile, red blooded and a little blood-thirsty.

The Big Game Animals of North America, by Jack O'Connor — Clarke, Irwin — \$10.00.

For Social Drinkers

WHAT CHUMS ANNUAL used to be for the boys *The Compleat Imbiber* is now to their dad. It is made up of solid information about what kind of wine to drink, how to get the best out of a pub-crawl and which glasses are for what collectors.

There are also such articles as "The First Man Who Threy Peas At Me Was A Publican" by William McGonagall, whom many people will recognise as the English 19th century's worst poet. There's a lively little piece called "Oh, Go and Tread your own Plastic Grapes" and an analysis of the wines which Dr. Johnson drank.

The book is liberally decorated with amusing old prints, modern drawings and some good pub photographs. The perfect book for the sideboard or bedside.

The Compleat Imbiber, by Cyril Ray — British Book Service — \$6.00.



Mexican clay figure, circa. 300 A.D.

Real Adult Western

IT IS NOT likely that readers of SATURDAY NIGHT would normally be very interested in a picture book of Indians. But *The American Heritage Book of Indians* is a very adult Western, indeed. It starts with the earliest incursions from continental Europe into this continent and there is a most amusing account of how scholars argue about just when the first men came into this continent and what routes they took.

Having shown the confusion even of the best scholars, William Brandon, who writes a very tongue-in-cheek narrative for the whole book, starts with the earliest evidence of actual settlement down in South America. From the Indians of Mexico and Peru he moves (with them) to the southern United States, up the Eastern seaboard and into Canada.

He details each tribe, how they came to be, where they were and how they finally faced exploitation by white men from Cortes to Cartier right up to the wild and woolly West of the 19th century.

The book ends with a goodish chapter on the treatment of Indians in present day United States, but with no reference to Canada's treatment of the same problems. This is a curious omission, since for no valid reason Brandon has given a chapter to the Canadian Eskimos early on.

The breezy narrative, some really well-chosen pictures and Heritage's usual high standard of reproduction, make this not only a useful reference volume for the high school-university student (who would be flattered to get such a book), but an interesting and lively book for almost any adult now a resident of this continent.

The American Heritage Book of Indians, by the Editors of *American Heritage*, Musson — Reg. Edition \$13.95 to Christmas, \$17.50 after.

To Meet the Eye

I AM NOT much of a one for publishers' statements on dust jackets. In fact, I think the man who first thought of calling them "blurbs" was inspired. But of *The Wonders of France* by Francois Cali the publishers say that it is "the most distinguished photographic record of France ever published." And that is probably true. For Cali has chosen astutely the architectural glories of France ranging from the Roman aqueducts to the beginnings of Gothic, through the magnificences of Chartres, Amiens and Paris to the chateaus, and palaces of *la grand siècle*.

Even given such material to work with, he has excelled himself in choosing the sharpest, clearest, most detailed, most beautiful photographs I have ever seen.

Thames and Hudson are almost solely in the business of producing exquisite books. What they know about photographic reproduction is enormous. Their knowledge has never been put to better use. Without doubt *The Wonders of France* is the most distinguished picture book of the season.

The Wonders of France, by Francois Cali — British Book Service — \$17.00.

Searle on Scrooge

IN WHAT MUST be the thousand and first new edition of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, Michael Joseph have got a real edge over their competitors by choosing Ronald Searle to illustrate it. As the cover on this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT shows, Searle has entered into the spirit of the thing well and Scrooge is lovingly depicted with a nose as long as most people's arms.

To match the nose there is a chin of equally heroic proportion. When, at the end of the book, Scrooge actually laughs, it is a facial earthquake.

There are half-a-dozen double-page full-color spreads and a liberal sprinkling of witty black and white sketches.

A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens, illustrated by Ronald Searle — Michael Joseph — \$4.50.

TELEVISION *

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

Anything For A Laugh

EARLY IN THE FALL, the television networks promised us a rich season of comedy, and now that most of the stock is on display it is possible to make some interim assessments. On the whole, the comedy so far has been well up to standard. It has been able to keep the test audiences, or conceivably the laughter-recording machines, in the usual stitches, and it has introduced one or two interesting innovations.

Anything for a laugh has always been the slogan of the screen-comedy producers, and this season they appear to have added the rather desperate rider, "even if it's good". This would seem to account for the weekly appearance of comedian Bob Newhart, whose recorded comedy must have caused a lot of dubious head-shaking among the sponsors.

Was there any guarantee that Bob Newhart's wildly frustrated grace-under-pressure approach could be relied on to sell any produce other than his own records? Wouldn't it be better to hire a top girl vocalist and a trio of instrumentalists to get him on and off the screen?

As it turned out, comedian Newhart was well able to get himself both on and off the screen and to fill up satisfactorily most of the program in between. I don't know how long he will be able to keep this up, for the little screen is a glutton for fresh, as opposed to canned comedy, but meanwhile we may be grateful for his remarkable investigations of the deadlier arts of America, including those of public relations and communications.

Under his confused and tentative manner, comedian Newhart is a vigilant observer of the American scene. His current sketches and monologues present people and situations with which the viewer can readily and enjoyably identify. So far the identifications have been relatively painless however. In view of some of his earlier recorded monologues there are signs that, to some extent, Newhart is working under wraps in the new medium.

The same quiet muffling appears to have been applied to night-club entertainer Joey Bishop. Theoretically, the night-club comedian should be able to adapt himself easily to the tiny screen,

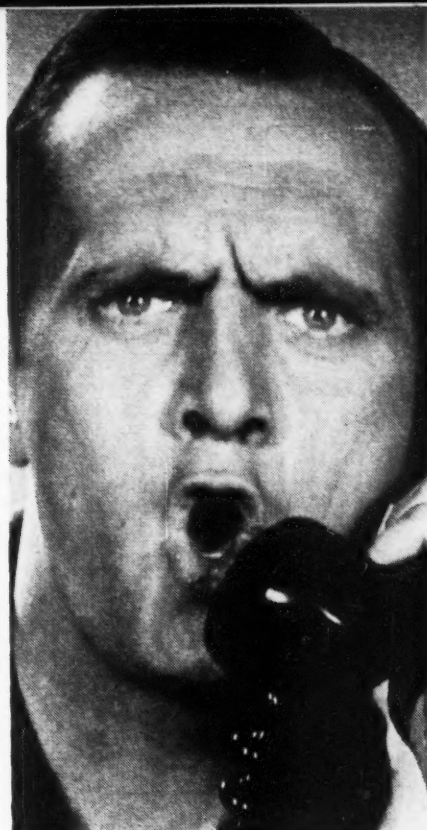
for what, after all, could be more intimate than a little window opening on the family living-room? It doesn't work out as simply as this however.

The night-club entertainer is accustomed to audiences that accept with knowing glee the type of intimate little gag that can take on startling dimensions on the family networks. Possibly this was why it was thought advisable to spot Bishop in a situation-comedy of a thoroughly reliable type.

He now appears weekly as a mild public relations man, bullied by his boss and harassed by his brother-in-law. Anyone can safely identify himself with *that*. Unfortunately, however, it isn't very funny.

The life of a screen comic is a precarious one, unless he can support himself with gimmicks and gag-writers. For screen demands are insatiable and the comedian left to his own devices will eventually find himself in a Sahara in which even the brother-in-law joke looks like an oasis.

This was already true long before the television era, when W. C. Fields, with all his fiercely original talent, was constantly forced to fall back on familiar



Newhart: Wildly frustrated grace.

props — the collapsing cigar-boxes, the crooked billiard cue, the uncontrollable hat. Today, the demand for comedy is infinitely more clamorous, while the conditions have become even more rigid.

As a result, the surviving comics — the Hopes, the Bennys and the Skeltons — have become largely the middle-men of comedy, with the gag-men supplying the material and the comics depending almost entirely on their special powers of delivery in feeding it back to the public.

The only alternative for the comedian is, quite literally, to make himself scarce, a course wisely pursued by Danny Kaye and Victor Borge. The Kaye agility and charm are prodigious and both were wonderfully in evidence in his recent Danny Kaye hour — particularly in his "As Others See Us" number. But how long would they survive weekly exposure on the networks? How long before the charm began to wear as thin as the tape on which it is recorded?

Victor Borge is also a man of extravagant talent. But with all his endowment and the relative thriftiness with which he has dispensed it, there are already signs of the familiar public reservations. Hadn't we seen it all before — the invariable keyboard variations, the trick of turning the piano bench into a playground slide, the night-club brinkmanship, the engaging astonishment at everything American?

And did Hermione Gingold contribute anything beyond the uneasy feeling that comedian Borge too needed someone to get him on and off?



Borge: A man of extravagant talent.

* EDUCATION

BY MIRIAM CHAPIN

Quebec: The Lacoste Solution

M. PAUL LACOSTE, who is professor of philosophy at the University of Montreal, has come up with a solution for the difficulties of Quebec's school system which is so sensible, so logical, so obviously desirable, that there is not the slightest chance of its being adopted short of the millennium.

He simply proposes that instead of having the present Catholic Committee, which has charge of four-fifths of Quebec's schoolchildren, and the Protestant Committee, which looks after the rest, the division should be made along language lines. There would be a Committee on Schools of French Culture, and one on Schools of English Culture.

Under these could be, if wanted, sub-committees for Huguenots and Jews, and even for those who reject all "confessionality." This would put English-Catholic children where they belong, under an English-speaking committee, and French Protestant children where they belong, under a French-speaking committee.

French-speaking Jews and Moslems (there are already more than 5,000 Jews from Algeria in Montreal) could learn their lessons in their own language, without accepting a new religion with them.

As of now, French-Protestant parents have to stage a campaign and beseech the Protestant School Board of Montreal for classes in French. Where they cannot have them, the children usually are lost to the French community.

English Catholics are seldom content under the Catholic School Commission. They think not enough cash comes their way. Jews have no vote for the members of Protestant school boards, even where their children make up half the pupils, and no voice on the provincial committee.

They support their own parochial schools or attend Protestant ones under an awkward contract arrangement. Only in Westmount do they attend by right, because there the Protestant schools are public schools, being the first established. Elsewhere the public schools are French and Catholic, and the Jewish children would hardly be at home in them.

It is true that the Lacoste proposal is not wholly new. It has cropped up at



Paul Lacoste: Sensible, logical.

various times in the past, but never before in a form so clear and persuasive, or in a climate so favorable to its serious consideration. First appearing as an article in *Cité Libre*, it was again presented in detail and discussed at the November conference of the *Mouvement laïque de langue française*.

The *Mouvement* is a group of about 400 Montrealers, centered on certain members of the University of Montreal faculty, but finding adherents in some unexpected places. So far it is a Montreal affair, since obviously the problem of the non-conformist student is uncommon — though not unknown — outside the metropolis. There it has



Premier Lesage: Fulfilling pledges.

become acute, partly because of the flood of immigration in recent years.

The original aim of the *Mouvement* organized last winter, was to work for neutral schools, where religious teaching would be optional and given outside regular hours. Then it apparently settled — or some of its leaders did — that it would work for a neutral sector, a third committee on an equal plane with the others. The prospect of adding to the taxpayer's burden was enough to discourage that. Now it seems likely it will plump for the Lacoste plan.

Naturally the *Mouvement* has been attacked and condemned by almost everybody: the Church authorities, the school commissioners, the leagues of this and that, the alumni associations, the National Union newspapers — in fact, by almost anybody looking for a sitting target and the approval of the Establishment. Yet it is alive and kicking energetically. You have to be tough to fight for laicism in Quebec.

As André Laurendeau points out in *Le Devoir*, the Catholic-Protestant division goes back to the days when any *anglais* was automatically considered a Protestant, and any French Canadian a Catholic. There were no others around, or so few they could be left to look after themselves. It's different now in the heterogeneous society Montreal has become.

The *Mouvement* puts forth good arguments. Its champions speak of the harm done a child who must practice at school a religion his parents deny at home, of the need for an even-handed justice if democracy is to survive, of the value of liberty of faith and conscience. The fact that such views can be openly expressed and printed is a measure of the change in Quebec in a few short years.

A more immediate question, with more chance that its proponents can exert pressure for action on it than on the Lacoste proposal, is the move which many besides those in the *Mouvement* have been advocating for some time. That is the appointment of a Provincial Minister of Education who would actually run the schools and report on them to the Provincial Parliament. The present Department of Public Instruction does not do this. It is subordinate to the two provincial committees.

Quebec had such a ministry once, from Confederation to 1875, when it was abolished. In 1898 when feeling was running high against clerical control of the schools, a bill to reconstitute the Ministry passed the Legislature, but was killed by the Legislative Council. This time Premier Lesage did not give the supporters of the measure a run for their money. He declared almost as soon as he took office that he would

never appoint such a minister. But the talk keeps on.

No one would want to deny to M. Lesage the credit for the great improvements he has made in Quebec's educational system. Fulfilling his campaign pledges, he has raised the school leaving age to fifteen, and will jack it up another year as soon as there are enough classrooms.

No longer can the fourteen-year-olds pour into the factories each June. There is, at least in the larger towns, a real effort to check that hemorrhage. A bonus even goes to mothers who keep their offspring in school beyond the required age. Lesage has consolidated under the Ministry of Youth the technical schools that were scattered under various authorities, and that have always been open to those qualified.

Thus M. Gerin-Lajoie is as near to being a Minister of Education as Quebec will get for the present. Plans for improving teacher training and attracting better prospective teachers are lumbering onto the firing line.

School fees have been done away with through the twelfth year, and some day university tuition will be free too. Cardinal Leger not only accepts such reforms, he demands them, taking a stand far in advance of some of his old-fashioned clergy who distrust any government interference in education.

But everything the Premier does is in the existing framework, done for the Catholic or the Protestant schools. He has no mind for revolutionary changes. The classical colleges are aided, though they still educate the sons of an elite to be professional men in a society which now calls for scientists and technicians. The only classical college run by laymen, St. Denis in Montreal, was kept dangling all summer before it was assured of enough funds to keep going.

M. Gerin-Lajoie has a utopian plan for regional high schools with all the facilities for modern education. The cost would be heavy, so it seems easier to order the local school commissions to build high schools, with provincial aid of course, but under their control. That was not the vision.

The Catholic School Commissioners, 2,500 of them, held a meeting of their Federation in September. They indignantly and very frankly asked the Premier to take the Minister of Youth out of their hair, and to resist any nationalization of the schools at all.

These gentlemen swing a lot of votes, especially outside the large cities. The ridings where they hold forth are the rural ones that decide Quebec elections. Maybe the electoral reform which Lesage promises, to give fairer representation to the cities, is the first and essential step toward educational reform.

Christmas Competitions

THE CROSSWORD, Puzzler and Chess problems overleaf are all competitions. The closing date for all entries is midnight, January 7 and the senders of the first correct solution of each to be opened January 15 will receive the prizes mentioned below. Results will be announced in the issue of February 3. All entries to be addressed to SATURDAY NIGHT, 55 York Street, Toronto 1.

Puzzler

A copy of Hugo Steinhaus's *Mathematical Snapshots* will be given for the first correct solution: second and third prizes will be *Figurets* by our "Puzzler" creator, J. A. H. Hunter. It is stressed that full and detailed theoretical solutions are needed, as opposed to mere "answers". Envelopes should be clearly marked *Puzzler Competition*.

Crossword

A copy of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* will be given to the first correct solution opened. All entries should be legibly filled in with ink and marked on the envelope *Crossword Competition*. A separate sheet of paper with the entrant's name and address must be clipped to the completed crossword.

Chess

For the first correct solution opened *The Joys of Chess*, by F. Reinfeld will be given. Mark the envelope *Chess Competition* clearly in the top left hand corner.

Literary Competition

The motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" has been Englished as "We are not amused", the saying "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose", as "Same difference".

Books to the value of ten dollars will be given for the most striking set of English versions of these familiar mottoes and maxims:

"A mari usque ad mare"

"Che sera sera"

"Maintiens le droit"

"E pluribus unum"

"Je me souviens"

"Noblesse oblige."

Chess

BY D. M. LeDAIN

SURPRISE PACKAGES! Two queen sacrifices from international play at Bled, Yugoslavia, and the Chess Olympics, Leipzig.

White: T. Petrosian (USSR), Black: L. Pachman (Czech.).

1.Kt-KB3, P-QB4; 2.P-KKt3, Kt-QB3; 3. B-Kt2, P-KKt3; 4.Castles, B-Kt2; 5.P-Q3, P-K3; 6.P-K4, KKt-K2; 7.R-K1, Castles; 8.P-K5, P-Q3; 9.PxP, QxP; 10.QKt-Q2, Q-B2; 11.Kt-Kt3!, Kt-Q5; 12.B-B4, Q-Kt3; 13.Kt-K5, KtxKt; 14.Kt-B4, Q-Kt4; 15. RPxKt, P-QR4; 16.B-Q6!, B-B3; 17.Q-B3!, K-Kt2; 18.R-K4, R-Q1; 19.QxBch!., KxQ; 20.B-K5ch, K-Kt4; 21.B-Kt7!, Resigns.

White: R. Letelier (Chile), Black: R. Fischer (USA).

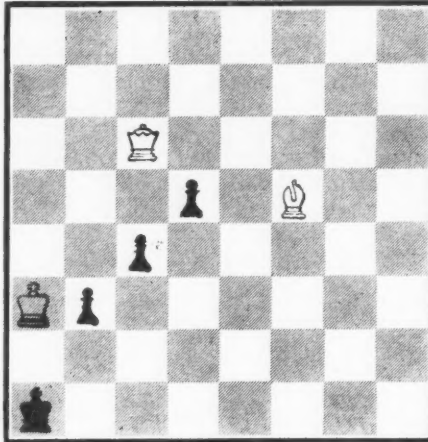
1.P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-KKt3; 3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; 4.P-K4, Castles; 5.P-K5, Kt-K1; 6.P-B4, P-Q3; 7.B-K3, P-QB4; 8. QPxP, Kt-QB3; 9.BPxP, PxP; 10.Kt-K4, B-B4; 11.Kt-Kt3, B-K3; 12.Kt-B3, Q-B2; 13.Q-Kt1, PxP; 14.P-KB5, P-K5; 15.PxB,

PxKt; 16.KtPxP, P-B4; 17.P-B4, Kt-B3; 18.B-K2, KR-K1; 19.K-B2, RxP; 20.R-K1, QR-K1; 21.B-B3, RxB!; 22.RxR, RxR; 23. KxR, QxPch!.; 24.Resigns. (If KxQ, B-R3 mate).

Solution of Problem No. 285 (Zagorujko & Loshinsky), Key, 1.Kt-B6.

Problem No. 286 by E. Boswell.

White mates in two moves. (3 + 4)



Puzzler

BY J. A. H. HUNTER

"I wish I could keep my grass green like yours," said Bob, leaning over the low fence as his neighbor stopped the mower. "But why the new flower-beds, all triangular and all different shapes?"

"Just an idea of mine." Old Professor Brayne chuckled. "The distance around each bed in feet is the same as its area in square feet, and the sides are all whole numbers of feet."

Bob pondered this a moment. "I guess that took some figuring out. How many more triangles do you plan to have like that, all different of course?"

The Professor smiled. "I can't have any more," he replied. "You can see that for yourself."

There was obviously plenty of space for many more on that great expanse of lawn, but Bob wasn't arguing!

How many of those special flower-beds were there, and what were their dimensions? (168)

CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

Peace Offering

BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

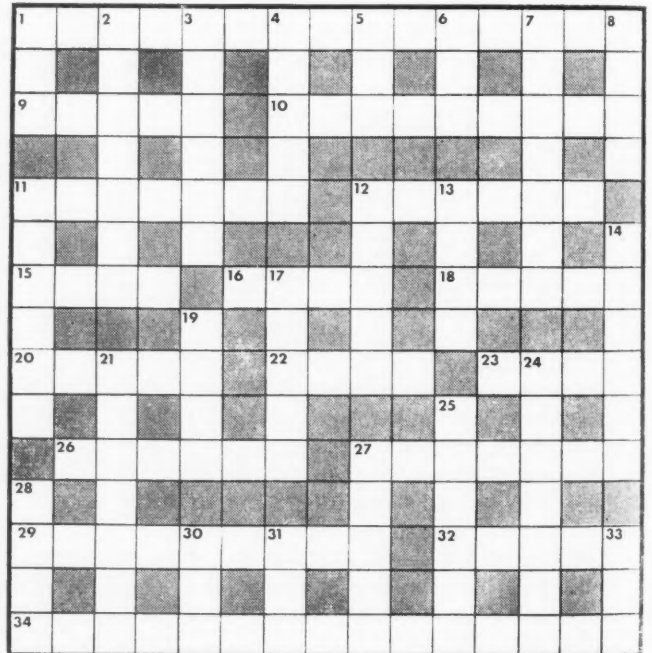
See Preceding Page

ACROSS

- 1 A man of peace who lost his life on a mission of peace. (3,12)
- 9 Used to make beer on a Mediterranean island? (5)
- 10 Run to New York with me to take little Edward back to where Magna Carta was signed. (9)
- 11 It's supposed to begin at home, but the scrubwoman takes it to the "Y", love. (7)
- 12 See 17
- 15 But this paper is not to write music on. (4)
- 16 Throw up all over the pews? (4)
- 18 He wrote "The Merry Widow" inside while hard up. (5)
- 20 He doesn't wear a winning smile. (5)
- 22 One of the measures to take care over. (4)
- 23, 8 "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a in a naughty world." (Merchant of Venice) (4, 4)
- 23, 13 Not a bad name Shakespeare had! (4, 4)
- 26 Venerate a famous midnight rider. (6)
- 27 Does being a tourist attraction make him get up on his high horse and lay down the law? (7)
- 29, 19 All lit up at the present time. (9, 4)
- 32 Get change in coins for the offspring. (5)
- 34 A man of peace who was locked up for disturbing the peace. (8, 7)

DOWN

- 1 A barrier to an insane uprising. (3)
- 2 Like Don Quixote, gallivant without four in attendance. (7)
- 3 Does the sheik shriek in it? Not among numbers of Romans! (6)
- 4, 29 You'll have to put in words our greetings to you. (5, 9)
- 5 Hurried to get past the head of 10. (3)
- 6 An opener of the whiskey bottle? Hardly! (3)
- 7 See 17
- 8 See 23
- 11 This throws a light on the clue to 23, 8. (6)
- 12 Wrote about that famous one of London? (5)
- 13 See 17
- 14 How one might walk through the snow with Dickens' Barnaby. (6)
- 17, 7, 23, 13, 12A, 31 The ultimate goal of the U.N. as heralded by the angels on the first Christmas. (5, 2, 5, 4, 4, 6, 3)
- 19 See 29
- 21 She has a misshapen rear, from wool-gathering, no doubt. (7)
- 24 If this is in, it's inside out. (7)
- 25 Even an unsympathetic doctor feels for them. (6)
- 27 Scrooge in Christmas past. (5)
- 28 What a crust to change cabs! (4)
- 30 He's dear to business correspondents. (3)
- 31 They were wise to follow a star. (3)
- 33 There's nothing to put down here. (3)

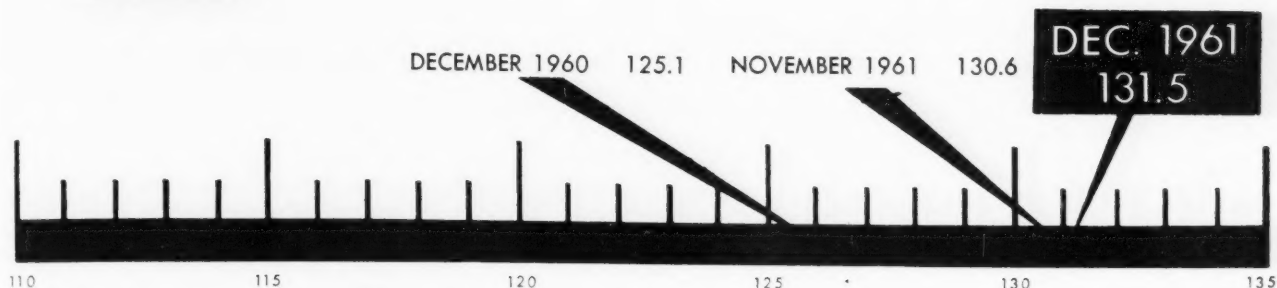


Solution to last puzzle

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|--------------|
| ACROSS | 27 Vital | 6 Inter |
| 1 Salesmanship | 30 Torso | 7 Scat |
| 9 Clockwise | 31 Corkscrew | 8 Alienate |
| 10 Until | 32 The last straw | 14 Supports |
| 11 Token | | 15 Urn |
| 12 Era | | 17 Tea |
| 13 Terse | DOWN | 18 Overacts |
| 14 Sturdy | 1 Stock | 20 Turmoil |
| 16 Dementia | 2 Likened | 22 Advisor |
| 19 Punitive | 3 Spires | 23 Storks |
| 21 Ravage | 4 Averaged | 25 Torch |
| 24 Otter | 5 Shuttle | 28 Throw |
| 26 Rat | | 29 Laws (53) |

SN

Business Index for December



Indicator Table	Unit	Latest Month	Previous Month	Year Ago
Index of Industrial Production SA	1949=100	176.3	175.5	167.6
Index of Manufacturing Production SA	1949=100	156.1	155.3	148.4
Retail Trade SA	\$ million	1,320	1,434	1,372
Total Labor Income SA	\$ million	1,622	1,627	1,555
Consumer Price Index	1949=100	129.2	129.1	129.4
Wholesale Price Index of Industrial Raw Materials	1935-39 = 100	247.9	247.8	238.5
Manufacturers' Inventories Owned SA	\$ million	4,268	4,252	4,253
Unfilled Orders in Manufacturing SA	\$ million	1,954	1,939	1,969
Manufacturers' Shipments SA	\$ million	1,991	2,070	1,979
Steel Ingot Production	'000 tons	572	553	479
Cheques Cashied, 51 centres	\$ million	25,259	24,107	22,834
Housing Starts in Municipalities of 5,000 and over—SA at annual rates	'000 units	90.5	93.1	76.2
Hours Worked in Manufacturing SA	per week	40.7	40.5	40.3
Index of Common Stock Prices	1935-39 = 100	325.3	316.5	251.1
Exports, Merchandise SA	\$ million	491.3	528.3	457.6
Imports, Merchandise SA	\$ million	507.9	513.7	448.1

SA=seasonally adjusted figures.

*Latest available week, and like week, one month previous.

Note that Exports and Imports are now seasonally adjusted so can't be compared to previous figures in old SN issues.

Most of the latest month figures are preliminary ones.

INDUSTRY THESE PAST few months has been gaining some of the power we have been expecting for some time. The move upward started early this year and we are now witnessing a real gain in acceleration.

However, there is no strong fistful of power behind the current economic upsurge. We are having another soft boom which will ride to a crest sometime next year and then start to slow down again. In the meantime—for the months ahead and for 1962 as a whole—the emphasis is on top.

The latest available index of industrial production, seasonally adjusted, is 176.3. (Based on 1949=100). This, of course, is a record figure. Back last March, for example, the index was 165.3, though it dipped even lower than that in July, 1960. Since March the figure has moved steadily upward save for a pause in summer.

In non-durables, the low point this year was reached in February when the index was 154.0; latest available figure is 160.0, a gain of almost four per cent. But look at durable goods production. The low point this year was 138.3, recorded in

January. Latest figure shows it as 151.6, a gain of almost nine per cent.

This is an interesting and important development not only because it indicates fast growing strength in a vital sector of our economy but also because it shows that this sector is quickly catching up to the others. Durable goods production still has to beat the old high of 155.9, whereas non-durables have already passed their previous high of 155.3. With statistics generally being late, there is little doubt that right now durable production has broken through to new highs.

These developments have sliced into our jobless totals and kept hours of work and weekly wages at relatively high rates. Seasonally adjusted hours of work per week in manufacturing are higher now than in the first half of the year.

A dollar bonus was obtained this year as the cost of living has been pretty stable most of the time. This stability hasn't happened in years and means a two per cent or more larger income compared to the so-called normal previous years.

While it is true that times are better

this year we, as consumers, haven't reacted that way. In some opinion polls we have indicated a more positive feeling about making purchases but retailers, as a whole, haven't noticed this in their cash registers. In the first nine months of this year the dollar gain in retail trade over the like months of 1960 was under one per cent.

If you wish another disappointing area of activity this year, look at housing. Dwelling unit starts roared in like a mighty wind early this year. In the first three months starts, were at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 164,000 units; this is equal to the record figure actually established in 1958.

But April came and starts dropped sharply to the 120,000 level and there they have more or less remained since then. This indicates a final figure of 135,000 starts for 1961, despite government attempts to make them higher. Remember, though, this total is much better than the 109,000 figure for 1960.

—by Maurice Hecht

(Saturday Night's Business Index is a compilation of statistical factors bearing, generally, on Canada's gross national product. It is designed to reflect pace of economic activity. The base 100 is drawn from 1955 data).

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* GOLD & DROSS

Blue Chips for an Education

It is my intention to purchase blue chip stocks for my five-year-old son's educational fund. Could you recommend a Canadian or preferably a British Columbia blue chip stock for such a purpose? — J.V.H., Nelson.

British Columbia Electric used to be considered a blue chip but in view of the takeover, we'd stay away from B.C. utilities.

Have a talk with your bank manager or other financial advisor, and look into your choice thoroughly.

But we'll stick our necks out a little within your B.C. limits.

Consider Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada which trades around \$23. It's British Columbia-based, widely-diversified from base metals, gold, through fertilizers and steel, has been paying dividends through umpteen years. And it's still growing with new mines and new projects.

There are others which could be suggested, particularly in other fields, but you asked for one so we won't shilly-shally or backtrack on Smelters by going into them.

Let's hope that when your son is ready to go to university our nation will still be growing and your attempt at planning ahead pays off.

But if you carry this idea further, don't restrict yourself to one area like B.C., or even to one industry. After all, the banks operate in B.C., although under your limitation they wouldn't be considered.

MacLeod-Cockshutt

I have heard that MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines are in low-grade ore and are also near the end of their ore. — P.H.M., Vancouver.

Correct. Ore has been running out rapidly but MacLeod is far from the end of its life as a business. MacLeod controls neighboring Consolidated Mosher which is starting to come into production. MacLeod will mine and process the Mosher ore on a toll basis.

The idea is that Mosher ore will gradually take over from MacLeod ore with the MacLeod mill continuing to operate at about 1,900 tons daily. Mosher is reported to have some five

years ore developed running 0.133 oz. per ton. Taking gold at \$35 (U.S.) an oz., that's about \$4.66 a ton.

MacLeod has directly 1,267,181 shares of Consolidated Mosher. Through control of Hard Rock Gold Mines, MacLeod controls a further 506,000 Mosher.

But ignoring for the moment Hard Rock's interest in Mosher, MacLeod's own block is worth something like \$2.8 million on the basis of \$2.15 recent market price for Consolidated Mosher shares. That amount works out to about \$1 on each share of MacLeod-Cockshutt. Recent MacLeod market was \$1.05.

The main point to watch in MacLeod is the effect of the operations of Consolidated Mosher. This will be Mosher's first year of production. It's a key one.

Three Steels

How do you explain the fact that yield on Atlas Steel is considerably higher than those of Algoma and Stelco? Would you consider Atlas a better investment than Algoma or Stelco? — P. R., Hull.

The difference in yield is likely explained by general reasoning that Atlas is *not* a better investment than Stelco or Algoma.

From a positive standpoint, Atlas has a lot of good things—aggressiveness of good management, some important growth projects underway. But Atlas is in a highly competitive field on a world-wide basis. Its business is in specialty steels.

Like the big steel producers and heavy industry generally, Atlas affairs swing widely with the general business climate.

Algoma and Stelco are two of our most important industrial concerns. Their wide interests in everything from mines through steel mills give an investor a one-stop cross-section of Canadian economic activity. They would tend to be classed as blue chips offering some growth possibilities because of expansion.

Atlas would likely be classed as a businessman's speculation likely holding out the opportunity of bigger prop-



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Head Office, 360 St. James Street, West, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the 11th day of January, 1962, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

By Order of the Board,
C. B. NEAPOLE,
General Manager.

Montreal, Que.,
December 1, 1961.



THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

The following dividends have been declared:

NO PAR VALUE CLASS "A" COMMON SHARES DIVIDEND NO. 20

Thirty three and one third cents (33 1/3c) per share payable February 15, 1962 to shareholders of record, January 19, 1962.

NO PAR VALUE COMMON SHARES DIVIDEND NO. 218

Twenty cents (20c) per share for the quarter ending December 31, 1961 payable February 23, 1962, to shareholders of record, January 12, 1962.

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 27, 1961.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF 311th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty-five cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of January, 1962 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1961.

Montreal,
Nov. 22,
1961



S. C. SCADDING,
Secretary

tionate capital gains than Algoma and Stelco.

You take a bigger risk with Atlas in the hope that the growth plans underway (including a \$40 million stainless steel mill in Quebec) will pay off in major growth of sales and profits.

Atlas yields about 4.8 per cent with an indicated dividend rate of \$1.25 (\$1 regular plus 25c extra).

Stelco yields about 3.5 per cent and yield on Algoma is under three per cent. Obviously, investors buying these days aren't too concerned with income.

While the big steels might be viewed as "better investments" we can't help but admire the drive of Atlas Steel. For the investor with some "sporting blood," Atlas shares could give some unexpected thrills. There's a lot more excitement in watching Atlas than in watching Algoma and Stelco.

New Kelore

What do you suggest I do with New Kelore? I bought it as Kelore. — C.J.S., Montreal.

Hope for a revival. Stock price dogs along at 11 cents. Company doesn't seem to have done anything in some time but conceivably could be revived any time since it last reported holding some \$35,000 cash.

This is one example of a company that has gone through the wringer in those "reverse splits" which so many investors confuse with normal stock splits. Look at this record.

Originally the company was Kelrowe which became Kelwren on the basis of one new share for every 2.4 old. Then Kelwren became Kelore on one-for-two basis. Kelore became New Kelore on one-for-five basis.

In other words, an original holding of 2,400 Kelrowe now is 100 shares of New Kelore.

Assorted Mines

Any life or prospects in Ardeen Gold, Big Missouri, Lake Geneva, Yellorex, Stadacona, Towagamac? — W.J.W., Ottawa.

Some prospects, a little touch of life. We'll take them as you listed them.

Ardeen Gold — nothing left.

Big Missouri Mines — became Big Missouri Mining Corp., with a very small price. There doesn't seem to be any bid around although some stock was offered at three cents. Last reported as being idle.

Lake Geneva — if you survived a one-for-five squeezeout, you're now the proud holder of Genex Mines. And, believe it or not, Genex is one of the penny hotspots in the fuss around the



Is it time to review your investments?

A periodical review of your holdings enables you to determine your current investment position and, in some cases, indicates changes that will strengthen your portfolio.

We suggest that once a year you mail a list of your holdings to us so that we may prepare a detailed analysis for you.

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India

VEHICLE SAFETY CHECK LIST

1. **ANTI-FREEZE** — Flush cooling system and check for leaks. Put in anti-freeze and install the proper thermostat.
2. **TIRES** — Put on snow tires with good treads. Make sure they are properly inflated and free from cuts and breaks.
3. **CHAINS** — Carry a pair of reinforced tire chains for emergency use in deep snow or on ice. And a shovel and a box of sand in the trunk.
4. **WINDSHIELD WIPERS AND WASHERS** — Be sure your wiper blades are in good condition to remove snow and sleet effectively. Add anti-freeze to windshield washer.
5. **HEATER-DEFROSTER** — Make certain the heater-defroster is capable of keeping the windshield clear of ice and interior fogging.
6. **LIGHTS** — Check your headlights on upper and lower beams and ensure that they are aimed correctly and glare-free, also stop lights, tail lights and directional signals.
7. **BRAKES** — Have hydraulic system checked for leaks and master cylinder for fluid level. Have foot and hand brakes checked and adjusted.
8. **WINTER TUNE-UP** — An engine tune-up makes starting easier in cold weather and helps avoid stalling. Change to winter grade oil and lubricants.
9. **MUFFLER** — A leaking muffler or exhaust pipe can be a carbon monoxide hazard, particularly if you are stalled in traffic.
10. **SEAT BELTS** — Install and use seat belts for year round protection from serious injury in all weather conditions.

CANADIAN HIGHWAY SAFETY COUNCIL

big copper find by Lake Dufault Mines in the Noranda area. Genex trades around 20 cents, has come up from seven. Check your daily paper.

Yellowrex — is inactive with about \$12,000 worth of cash and securities last reported in the kitty. It's a ripe one for a revival should market conditions be right. Trades around six cents, was as low as 3½ cents this year.

Stadacona — this one is kicking around because of some legal actions. Was bumped off the listed boards but should be held until all the fuss clears up.

Towagamac — nothing obvious doing with the stock trading around 11 cents. But this one also is ripe for revival, sitting with almost \$150,000 of liquid assets, marketable securities etc. That's equal to six cents a share, should get used sometime in some projects.

Canada Iron

Do you consider Canada Iron Foundries to have good growth potential or is it more likely to slip backwards due to replacement of iron by lighter materials?—L.D., Hamilton.

Any trend to lighter materials isn't the thing to watch so far as the future of the Canada Iron Foundries group is concerned. This company, like other companies in heavy industry, depends heavily on the growth rate of the economy. If other businesses are putting up new plants, if governments are building bridges, if the railway, mining, paper and other major industries are expanding, Canada Iron's business can boom.

Actually, the Canada Iron group has been doing fairly well so far as total business is concerned (doubled in less than 10 years) but it gets squeezed by narrowing profit margins in the last few years.

At around the \$20 mark, the shares are up from their recession low of \$15.25 in 1960 when the dividend rate was cut from \$1.50 annual rate to \$1.

Yet the shares are still about half the \$42 peak in 1957 when they reflected a booming 1956 period when the company earned almost \$6 a share. Last year, Canada Iron reported a net of \$1.92 a share. That gives you some idea of the potential swing in the affairs of companies like Canada Iron. These companies are usually referred to as being "cyclical." That is they swing sharply with the changes in the general health of the economy.

Investment analysts usually reason this way. Buy cyclical issues if you feel the economy is coming out of a recessionary period and is starting on a

ew surge of growth. These issues will
rove up first. Sell cyclical issues dur-
g the boom about the time you're
eginning to think that we're going to
e in for a bit of economic indigestion.

Canada Iron is a well-managed group
hat was re-organized internally this
ear in an obvious move to get ready
or the next upturn in Canadian capital
xpansion.

It can be tempting to an investor with
ome funds seeking a little extra-added
risk, especially if we hear of any more
subways, railway lines or steel mills
being built. Canada Iron undoubtedly
will prove nimble in getting its share of
such expansion-generated business.

And the investor should stay nimble
if he decides to ride this type of high-
grade roller-coaster. It's the sort of
company that is for the well-informed
and astute businessman who can make
his own studies and his own intelligent
assessment.

For a bull on today's national busi-
ness picture, it's worth going into at
\$20.

For the Hopeful

*What do you think of the future of
Farwest Tungsten & Cable Mines &
Oils? — W.J., Carbonear.*

Depends strictly on the ability of the
major shareholders to revive interest,
possibly by embarking on new ventures.
Farwest Tungsten now is Farwest Min-
ing, trades around 12 cents, has share-
holdings in several copper properties in
the hot British Columbia Highland
Valley area.

Cable's main backers have been
getting active in the current spate of
speculative activity in the Lake Dufault
area but while they've revived interest
in some of their other companies, noth-
ing seems to have happened yet in
Cable. It trades around 12 cents, was
between 15 cents and nine cents.

Hang on and hope.

In Brief

*Do you consider Royal Trust of Canada
a safe organization to handle my securi-
ties? — M.B.W., Cornwall.*

They're one of the biggest, are as-
sociated with the Bank of Montreal.
You should be safe.

*What is going on at Alberta Pacific
Consolidated Oils?—J.H.J., Vancouver.*

If "no news is good news", then it
must be good. Not a peep heard from
since fight over control won by the
management. Stock has been quiet
around 45c.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

CONDENSED STATEMENT AS AT OCTOBER 31, 1961

ASSETS

Cash Resources (including items in transit)	\$ 764,703,268
Government and Other Securities	1,375,338,036
Call Loans	251,016,894
Total Quick Assets	\$2,391,058,198
Loans and Discounts	1,799,877,102
Mortgages and Hypothecs insured under the N.H.A., 1954	235,394,440
Customers' Liability under Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit, as per contra	77,240,865
Bank Premises	55,615,918
Other Assets	24,819,367
Total Assets	<u>\$4,584,005,890</u>

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$4,220,192,368
Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit	77,240,865
Other Liabilities	30,792,577
Shareholders' Equity	
Capital Paid Up	\$ 69,680,000
Reserve Account	183,000,000
Undivided Profits	3,100,080
Total Liabilities	<u>\$4,584,005,890</u>

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Year Ended October 31, 1961

Balance of profit for the year after provision for *income taxes and after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans	\$ 17,699,803
Dividends	13,690,800
Amount carried forward	\$ 4,009,003
Transferred from inner reserves after provision for *income taxes exigible	10,000,000
Balance of undivided profits of the amalgamating banks, October 31, 1960	2,011,077
	<u>\$ 16,020,080</u>
Transferred to rest account	12,920,000
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1961	<u>\$ 3,100,080</u>

*Total provision for income taxes \$29,211,000

N. J. McKINNON
PRESIDENT

J. P. R. WADSWORTH
GENERAL MANAGER

* LIGHTER SIDE

BY J. E. PARSONS

Notes From My New Canadians

THAT'S RIGHT. Notes *from* my New Canadians, not *on*. For these are notes bravely penned by the parents of children in various New Canadian classes I have taught. They explain absence or lateness.

The piquant ways in which the mothers and fathers express their thoughts have given me, as well as my colleagues, much food for reflection. Some of the notes richly deserve an immortality. With this in mind, over the years I have carefully preserved from the wastebasket's bleak oblivion those notes which in their own right have broken the barrier of dull normalcy into a higher plateau of inspirational, if dubious, English.

Often the meaning is obscure. But this merely lends enchantment to the game, and promotes these productions to that plane occupied by music, verse and art in the modern manner.

"Please excuse my son as he was sick" is a statement no conscientious New Canadian parent would ever employ in a note. It is too sparse, too indefinite. Details are lacking. It contains no exploration into symptoms which surely would be of interest to the teacher. Above all it omits that emotional quality so appropriate to the occasion.

Consider the drama outlined in this note: "I am sorry, my son was 3 days ill on his neck, and he must linger all these three days in the bed." Why, it is a blueprint for a clinical thesis, if not a novel.

Fascinating but sobering symptoms enliven the missives. Cases of stomach flood are common, and even stomach float. One sagacious parent wrote down her diagnosis as a clear case of Adriatic flu. A boy was absent due to a cool, which I interpreted rightly as a slight cold.

More difficult to evaluate were the alarming symptoms of a girl who had, according to her mother, "a fire in her hat." This turned out to be a fever in her head, for the child returned to school with her hat quite undamaged.

The stomach-egg is responsible for considerable absence, and once a

child remained at home for a whole day racked by egg-cups. More puzzling was the fate of a boy who, so said the note, "had a lot of head-eggs."

Later this was happily pinned down to headaches and *not* pediculosis, since the school nurse gave him a clean bill of health on the latter suspicion. But I never really did find out what was the matter with the girl whose "tonsils were dropped."

Speaking of tonsils, I shall always admire the fine eye for minute detail displayed by the parent who wrote me that her daughter's "left tonsil was a little increased." But it disturbed me to hear that one boy "did not come to school because he went to the ospidal to visit his tonsils."

At first reading, it seemed to infer an understandable nostalgic return to the scene of their surgical removal. But I looked up the Italian verb "visitare" in my dictionary and discovered that it means "to inspect; to examine." The situation was cleared up nicely, except that the "visiting" was passive rather than active.

This had overtones similar to an earlier note explaining that a daughter "had to stay at the home to polish the baby." In Italian, the verb meaning to polish or to clean is expressed by the verb "pulire." I had had visions of the baby being entered in a minstrel show. But such was not the case.

As I dip deeper into my file of notes I find two shockers and one model of succinctness. The former include the girl who "no come to school: she sex," and the impressive home-bulletin regarding a boy who had "a hell of a haddock."

The masterpiece of terseness consisted of just four words clearing up Helen's absence from school: "Hain dint falt good." While its economy is admirable, it is to be regretted that seventy-five per cent of this note is expressed in faulty English. There are even grammarians who would hold out for a hundred per cent.

A boy took the morning off in order to go to the immigration office and "interpolate" for his father. A girl

wrote her own note for her mother to sign: "Mama went to the city hole. I was in the house because I have a sister." I was left to speculate whether Mama ever got extricated from the city hole.

But for sheer long-winded inscrutableness I select the following: "I would like to explain that my son could see the school yesterday afternoon I took him to Eton's to do some schopping." That note brought me a concept of parent and son riding on helicopter to the department-store roof, ever keeping in actual view the school that the boy should have been attending.

The New Canadian parent doesn't always take a serious view of lateness. Some Europeans have a casual attitude toward it, and change with difficulty. I never did fathom the reasoning behind the note which stated, "My daughter was late because she was not late before," though the English is commendable.

But consider the time-sweep in this note from a father, unhampered by any petty restrictions regarding tense, who wrote, "My son will be late yesterday because the clock stopped." And clocks do not only stop. According to one parent they can do much more amazing things:

"Maria was late because the clock she go backworts." When mothers and fathers put their minds to it, they can express themselves in deathless prose. But the father who wrote "She sleep to longo" was probably in a hurry.

Even the salutations in notes from home bear scrutiny. I have been called everything from "Egregio signore" to "Your workshop" without losing my sense of proportion. But "I think this note will be respectable from you" left me without mental support.

Finally, there was that estimable Italian lady whose valiant notes in English always included a "cubai" and frequently a "tenchiu verimocci." This was her ingenious way of bending the barbarous new language into an acceptable Italian idiom which would adequately express "goodbye" and "thank you very much."

The Ticker Watcher



Meet John B. Goodbuy, an inveterate ticker-watcher, who is president of Watson, Goodbuy and Co., members of the stock exchange.

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